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VOLUME 22 NUMBER 9

INTERNATIONAL club

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GOING DOWN!
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TWELVE KINKY CUTIES DO THE LOT!

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Two Number Nine

Well, hello there! And a big Summertime Special welcome to the lot of you! Yes, me hearties, here we are in the Big Top of Happiness with an extra hot and sizzling issue packed with all your favourite naughty bits.

But do you want to hear about them? About what gorgeous Gail got up to? Or even sexy Sandy? Of course you don't! You'd much rather hear about me, His Eminence The Editor of Club International and just what I've been up to this month. Anyway, you're not going any further till I've told you, so there. It's my ball.

Well, what with the summer months still just about with us, I decided there would be nothing better for staff morale than a damn good game of cricket. What finer way of spending a sunny afternoon than hoping to score on the village green? Of bowling a maiden over or catching someone out? Precisely, so bursting in upon my humble staff's office one Friday afternoon I ordered them all to get up off their knees and be at The Hairy Arms in Wanton on Sunday for a knockabout, or there'd be trouble.

Ignoring their groans I strode home to brush up on a few long strokes with my trusty weapon and a bottle of linseed oil. There was still life in the old fella yet! So come the day, I loaded my old bicycle down with all my gear and sped off to meet the troops.

And what a game we had! We won the toss, and decided to let Mother Superior and her Second XI field while we batted. And what a wise decision that was!

Our long haired beatnik of an Art Director Ian Midson opened the batting with my good self, and by swinging his pigtail at just the right moment scored an admiral 50

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Thought of the Month:
"Beauty is only skin deep. But how deep do you want it already?" – *Max Factor, 1973*

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off an evil spin attack by Sister Lucia of the Burning Toast. Of course, I could've stayed in all day but, er, *deliberately* got bowled out for three just to let the others have a go.

Anyway, Julie 'Andrews' Woods, our tea lady, scored a valiant twenty with her platforms, Kelly 'Cheers Great Thanks Cheers Great' Jarvis scored too, which is more than she's done in a quite a while, and Ricky 'The Trousers' Guy made the sandwiches.

Of course, when it was our turn we bowled 'em all out. Of course, they claimed it was because their habits got in the way whenever they did a forward drive of the back foot, but despite their pleas to the umpire we won the day. Which is just as well as I had a fiver resting on it.

We all got sunburnt and nobody turned up for work the next week on account of their injuries, but I had a marvellous time drinking my own body weight in gin in the pavilion all the same and I honestly don't remember a thing about it.

But of course now I'm short staffed for my Three Lone Men Against Twenty Naked Top Models Covered in Melted Chocolate match next Thursday... unless any of you out there want to play. You do? Great! Then simply send £100 in used notes to me at the usual address and I'll put your name in the hat.

Of course, that's all I do, but it is a nice hat. Till next month!♣

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IN THE BAG

If youve been at it like a rabbit, then send in your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

Summer Lovin'

I have to admit that I love the summer. It's so depressing when you look out of the window of a morning and find that it's pissing down with rain and you know that you're going to have to wrap up in all that frumpy, practical gear. Dullsville! So the recent spell of hot, sticky days has been just the thing.

My boyfriend and I both work in London, but we've managed to buy ourselves a great little semi in the suburbs. Very Brookside, but the best thing about our home is that the back garden is massive, backs onto a graveyard and is surrounded by high fences. Just the place to indulge my passion for nude sunbathing!

Last Sunday I decided I'd get out there. My man was off playing footy with the lads so I set up the sunlounger, peeled off my bikini and started to work the suntan lotion into my firm boobs, down my slim legs and over my pert little bum. Reaching my back is always a bit difficult, but it didn't seem to matter because I was spending a lot of time on my titties. I don't know whether it was the heat or the privacy, but all of a sudden I was as horny as hell and so I squirted a great dollop of lotion into my right hand and moved it purposefully down to my mound. If the lips on my mouth were dry, the ones down under certainly weren't as I massaged the lotion right inside my hole, gasping as the creamy ointment tickled the parts that only my best friends can reach!

My ninnies were rising to the occasion fast as my free hand teased the pink bulbs. It was almost as if my boobs had a direct pleasure line to my pussy, the one thrill sensation setting off the other and vice versa.

By now I didn't care if the neighbours could hear me. I bucked and moaned, thrusting my two main frigging fingers into my love hole and felt the beginnings of a swelling orgasm deep inside me. Working and teasing faster and faster, I grabbed hard on my left nipple, dug in deep and finally came with a shriek that certainly made the squirrels perching on the fence scamper off.

Suddenly overcome by a touch of shyness, I looked around nervously and saw my boyfriend looking out of the kitchen window, grinning and beckoning me inside. Sheepishly I went inside, wondering how to explain myself, only to find his shorts on the floor, one hand on his tool and the other covered in spunk. He'd forgotten his boots and come back to get them, found me wanking furiously and been so turned on that he couldn't help himself! We both had a laugh and of course ended up in the bedroom fucking each other wildly! Ah, the summer. I just love it! *– Maria, London*

All Washed Up!

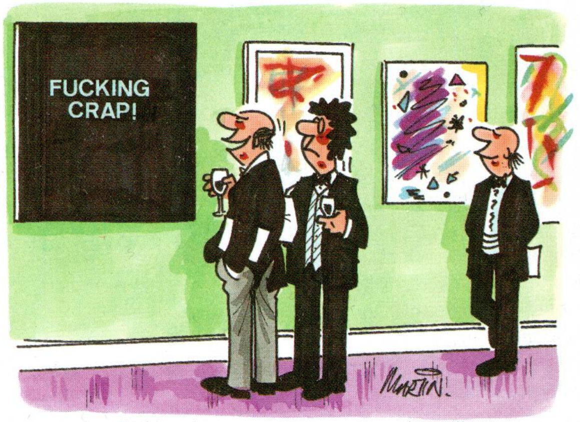
Every Tuesday night I go along to my local launderette. I'm a student at college; hence the necessity for my once-a-week trip. As you can imagine, nothing much happens, but last night a very pretty girl entered the place. She looked absolutely stunning; she was about 19 years old with fair hair and a really sexy body. It was quite warm and she had on a real 'summery' outfit: tight, denim hotpants and a thin cotton blouse which showed off her slim hips. Her shapely breasts looked appetisingly perky, and I guessed that she wasn't wearing a bra.

We were the only people in there and pretty soon we got chatting. As she spoke I found it very hard to keep my mind on what she was saying, and I found it virtually impossible to stop my eyes from wandering as she breezed around the place, her cute arse swinging from side to side. The thought of sucking on those delicious nipples or caressing her curvy bum soon gave me a stonking hard-on.

Eventually nine o'clock came and the launderette shut up and we parted company. I figured that if I was lucky I might just see her there again, but I wasn't holding my breath.

The following Friday I went out to the student bar with a few friends, and I couldn't believe my luck when I saw her there. Of course, I went straight up to her and struck up a conversation and we had a few drinks together. We had more in common that I thought; Jo liked similar music to me and we had both been to the same concerts. When closing time came, Jo asked if she could come back to my place for a coffee. Well, I was hardly going to refuse, was I?

We got back and I made us a coffee and we sat down together. Turning on the charm to full effect, I told Jo



"I like this one – it says something!"

Mmm... It's Carol Vorderman's Rs!

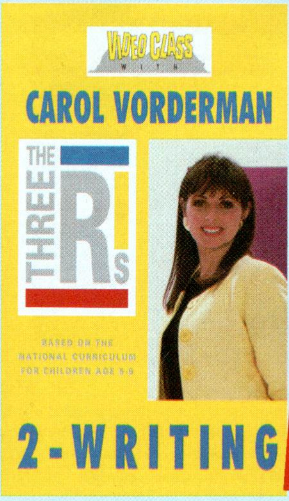
Lazy bastards with nothing better to do than watch teatime telly will have already wanked themselves silly over Carol Vorderman, the brunette with a lot up top. The presenter of *How 2* and *Countdown* has an IQ higher than Dolly Parton's bust measurement in millimetres and the sort of figure we'd all enjoy juggling with. So when we were told that she'd got her arse out on video, we rushed out to get a copy.

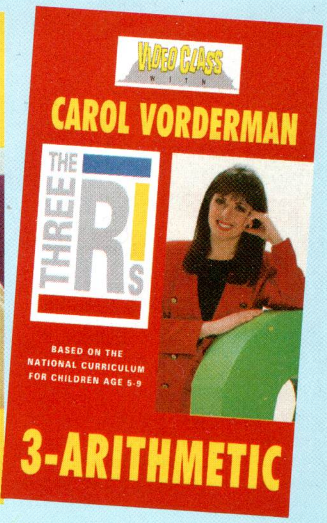
Imagine our total and utter disappointment when we found we'd misheard and the tape contained cute Carol helping you learn the three Rs: reading, writing and arithmetic!

Mind you, even though the video is about as sexy as Gyles Badbreath, we'd still be happy to have her teach us a thing or two – or look up her entry in Dictionary Corner.

***The Three Rs With Carol Vorderman* are available from WH Smith's – so there are no excuses for spelling cunnilingus wrong in**

WH SMITH EXCLUSIVE VIDEO
VIDEO CLASS
CAROL VORDERMAN
THE THREE Rs
BASED ON THE NATIONAL CURRICULUM FOR CHILDREN AGE 5-9
1-READING





how nice she looked.

"Really?" she replied. "How can you tell without seeing me naked?" Then without any prompting she undid the buttons on her blouse and out dropped the most beautiful pair of breasts I'd seen. I ran my fingers down over her shoulders, then slipped off her blouse and started to lick and kiss her neck.

Her hand rested on my thigh, and then she began to unzip my jeans. "Mmm, you feel a bit hot and excited," she breathed. "Maybe I can cool you down..." Her head dropped to my crotch and gripping my prick firmly she started to gently lick my shiny bell-end and run her tongue along the ridge of my shaft. "How does that feel?" she asked, breaking off for a second. I nodded my head frantically. Her head started to bob up and down again on my crotch, and I prayed that I wouldn't coat the back of her throat too soon as she greedily gobbled me.

Suddenly, Jo looked up and a wicked grin spread across her face. She grabbed a bottle of sparkling wine which stood nearby and showered her own body with the fizzy plonk. "Now, lick the wine off and have a go at my pussy while you're at it," she breathed huskily.

I dropped to my knees and slipped off her damp knickers and poked my tongue deep into her wet cunt. "You taste so good," I murmured, but she told me to keep my mind on the job as her back arched and she shuddered to a climax.

Then I stood up over her and began to wank my cock above her face. Jo leaned back and rolled her eager tongue over my thick, purple knob-end. "Come all over my face," she whispered. It was a real turn-on to hear her talking like that, and I was tempted to shoot my load right there and then. Instead, exerting some real self-control, I turned her onto her back and pulling her lips apart, I plunged my length into her tight cunt and we started frantically fucking.

We were going at it like mad and Jo had wrapped her long legs right around my back, pulling me deeper

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petra

Photographs by Michael Moore

Petra's favourite pastimes are sun, sea, surf and sex – and not necessarily in that order. "I can't believe that this is the first time that I've posed," she breathes huskily. "It seems like the most natural thing in the world when you've got the sun beating down on your skin. Nudity isn't something I have a problem with, and I don't recall ever having had any complaints about the state of my form!"

In a world full of surprises, it's delightful to know that a man's taste is something a girl can rely on! ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

inside her with every stroke. I could feel myself coming, so I quickly withdrew and offered my twitching knob to Jo's willing lips. She wrapped her red lips around me and sucked like mad as I shot my load right down her throat. What a climax!

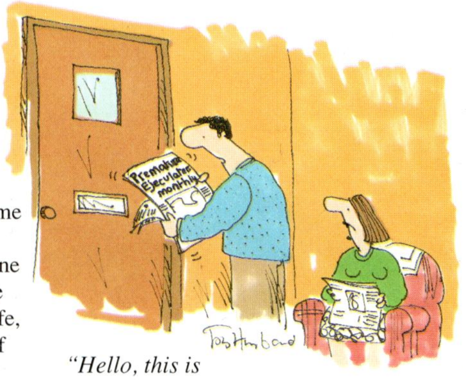
I'm planning to meet Jo again next week – down at the launderette! She's admitted that she's always fancied shagging up against one of the machines – and I'll be happy to help her out!
– Zak, North London

Share And Share Alike!

I've been an avid reader of Club for a couple of years now, but at the age of 30 I thought that any chances to brighten up my sex life had passed me by. I always get turned on reading your filthy reader's letters, but I hardly believed that anything like that could happen to me – but I was wrong!

I got home from work one night last week, only to be met by the sight of my wife, Naseem, waving a copy of Club under my nose and demanding to know what I was doing with it! However, instead of being annoyed, she seemed to be taking it quite well and she admitted that she'd spent the best part of the afternoon looking through the magazine. She even went as far as telling me that she'd been really turned on by one story about a reader's wife who was screwed senseless by a couple of her husband's mates! I had to admit, I was surprised at Naseem's attitude – she's usually so prim and proper.

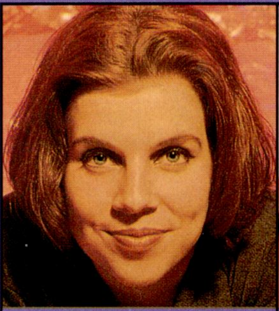
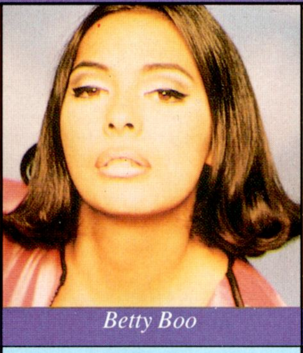
I pretty much forgot about the whole affair, until last Thursday night when a mate of mine, John, had come around for dinner. After



"Hello, this is early..."

ROCK CHICKS: IS YOUR GIRL TO

Are you bewildered by the tasty totty on today's music programmes? Can't keep up with the crumpet on *The Chart Show*? Then simply follow our first edition of the Chinless Book of Hit Singers...

	 *Tanya Donnelly*	 *Betty Boo*	*Vanessa Paradis*	*Whitney Houston*
CATEGORY	Indie (singer of Belly)	Pop singer	Sultry French singer	AOR singer (film soundtracks a speciality)
GENERAL INFO	Idolised by besotted teenage boys who give her flowers	Dads often watch *Top of the Pops* hoping for a glimpse of her	Has been labelled a whore in France by jealous women	She was the only good thing about *The Bodyguard*
WHAT WOULD SHE WEAR?	Flowery dresses, faded 501s, silly hats, leggings	Slinky catsuits, bikinis, cocktail dresses, platform shoes	60s and 70s retro gear, Lenny Kravitz's cast-offs	Figure-hugging cocktail dresses
HER BEST FEATURE	Very intelligent and sexy with it	Her stunning good looks, natch	Her body and *that* accent	Her bank balance
HER IDEAL DATE	Brett from Suede	Sean Connery	Lenny Kravitz	Bobby Brown (to whom she's married)
IDEAL NIGHT OUT	Hanging out with the boys at a cool party	Dancing till dawn at a top nightclub	Hanging out at a club with Lenny Kravitz	A night at the flicks to see the latest Kevin Costner movie
SHAGGABLE RATING	9	8	8	6

we'd eaten, we started to knock back a couple of bottles of wine and the conversation turned to sex. Naseem made her excuses at this point and disappeared into the kitchen. It was then John confided in me that he'd always fancied Naseem, which is hardly surprising as she is a very good-looking 23-year-old, with brown eyes, a firm arse and very large breasts.

Just then Naseem came back in from the kitchen and sat down. "Have you told John about the magazines I found, Paul?" she asked. My face went bright red at this point, then I told John how Naseem had found my copies of Club. "Some of the stories were very sexy," she went on. "I got very turned on, didn't I, Paul?"

I nodded frantically, sensing the atmosphere in the room changing dramatically. "Well, Naseem, if John's up for it, how do you fancy acting out your fantasy?" I glanced over at John, who looked a little confused, but had a grin of expectation spread across his face.

Without saying another word, Naseem stood up and then began slowly removing her clothes. John's eyes lit up as he watched intently, then she moved over to him and loosened his belt.

I watched wide-eyed as Naseem pulled his trousers down around his ankles, then gripped his shaft between her fingers and began to take his length down her throat. The sight of my wife going down on my best mate proved to be an incredible turn-on, and I quickly undid my own trousers and began to furiously wank myself off. Naseem's head was powering up and down John's glistening shaft as she cradled his heavy balls in both hands.

I could feel myself coming, so moving over to Naseem I gently eased her legs apart and then guided my tool between her fleshy lips from behind, as she carried on sucking John's cock. Naseem's was moaning loudly as I fucked her hard, and she pushed her weight back against my cock for even deeper penetration. It wasn't long before I felt my cock twitching and I quickly pulled out of Naseem and unleashed a jet of thick, white spunk all over her arse cheeks.

Naseem then broke off from ministering to John's cock and sat on the edge of the sofa with her legs spread wide. Her pussy was dripping wet with juices and she took great delight in pushing

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IN AND OUT

Tips for the top with Terence Trendy...

IN	OUT
Super Mario Bros	Sonic The Hedgehog
crushed red velvet	blue velvet
pendants	rings
Elle McPherson	Rachel Hunter
More	*Company*
sandals	clogs
body stockings	corsets
glasses	contact lenses
wigs	cropped hair
Blackpool	Malaga ♣

OF THE POPS?

Courtney Love	*Sonia*
Riot Grrrl, rock chick with balls (singer of Hole)	Bubbly Scouse singer and Eurovision fodder
Attempted stage diving recently, and ended up knickerless!	Girl-next-door appeal (as sexy as a wet weekend in Birkenhead)
Ripped dresses, tights and leggings with holes in them	Miss Selfridge's or the latest C&A summer collection
She drinks, smokes and likes a laugh	Her accent would keep you and your mates in stitches for hours
Kurt from Nirvana (again married, with kid, Frances Bean)	Barry or Sinbad from *Brookside*
To see her mates L7 or Babes in Toyland play a gig	Watching *Brookside* at home with a bottle of Babycham
7	4

Frank Speaking

T' plain speaking Yorkshire agony uncle who doesn't call a spade a 'hands-on soil displacement utensil' like some soft Southern bastards...

Dear Frank,
After 22 years of marriage my wife recently informed me that she was a lesbian and was going to live with her girlfriend. I am absolutely devastated. Is there anything I can do? *Walter, Cheltenham*
Aye. Ask 'em if I can go round and watch.

Dear Frank,
I was brought up in a very strict, some might say repressive, household where sex was never discussed. As a consequence I am not very up on the terminology. What exactly is fellatio? *Nora, Bexhill*
Bloody magic, pet!

Dear Frank,
I am a university student. There's this girl in my year who's absolutely gorgeous, but no matter what I do she doesn't seem to notice me. It's as if I didn't exist. What should I do? *Ludwig, Lancaster*
Get yourself a proper job, you state-subsidised layabout. I learned all I know in the University of Life and I'll tell you what – one whiff of my working class y-fronts and t'lasses can't drop their kecks quick enough.

Dear Frank,
I am in a terrible predicament. I am 50-year-old married man and recently began a passionate affair with my 23-year-old secretary. Late last Friday night I called at her flat to find that she was out. Her flatmate, a 19-year-old student nurse, invited me to come in and await her return. Within minutes this young lady and I engaged in raunchy love thrills on the sofa. Afterwards she begged me not to let my secretary find out. I am now deceiving two women. I feel terribly guilty. What can I do? *Horace, Gateshead*
Stop moaning, you jammy get.

Dear Frank,
My girlfriend recently informed me that in the three years of our relationship she has never once reached a climax. Obviously I was deeply upset by this revelation. I vowed that I would improve our lovemaking techniques as a matter of urgency. I don't want to lose her. Is there anything I can do that is guaranteed to give her an orgasm? *Rupert, Islington*
Send her round to my place, you big girl's blouse.

Have you got an intimate personal problem? Then why not drop Frank Speaking a line? Or you could just write it on a toilet wall and get a more considerate reply. ♣

MONEY FOR NOTHING

If music is the food of love, does that mean that Club's music expert, **James T Bone**, is anorexic?

U2: *Four pints of Guinness and a packet of cheese and onion crisps, please*

After signing a new contract with their record company last month, **U2** are now officially the second biggest export to come out of the Republic of Ireland, Guinness being the first (what happened to Val Doonican, then?). The deal – said to be worth £150 million – ties the band to Island Records until the end of the century and easily eclipses recent big money deals secured by the likes of Prince and Madonna.

Not exactly short of a bob or two at the moment, Bobo, The Hedge, Wally Mullen and Adam Claypole are set to net a whopping £30 million each. Incidentally, according to a report in *The Observer*, the money spent on the band's new contract would buy you one metric tonne of cocaine – something not to be sniffed at...

Dina Caroll: *Beret nice to see you, to see you nice*

● You may recall a few months ago that I launched into the newly-reformed **Velvet Underground** with a fervent zeal, accusing the ageing rockers of reforming just to make a quick buck. But it seems that I was in a minority. The month of July saw the fiftysomethings on the cover of virtually every rock publication, complete with glowing reviews and sycophantic interviews inside. Music journalists everywhere had the reformation of the golden oldies down as some sort of second coming – with the result that sales of the band's back catalogue have rocketed. A box set of old material is now being planned and the Fab Four hit the road again next month as guests of U2. The irony is that the band will be playing to more people on a single date with U2 (average crowd capacity: 50,000) than they ever did in their whole career, which peaked playing as the in-house band to Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable art exhibition in the 1960s. It's a funny old world, innit?

● Bizarre news reaches us of a move by **Morrissey** into the world of celluloid, after he was approached recently to make his big screen debut. But what of the role? We had him down as a possible Charles Hawtrey in a remake of *Carry On Cowboy*, or maybe he could reprise the role that made Joyce Grenfell so famous in the St. Trinian's trilogy; but truth is stranger than fiction.

It transpires that Mozzer has been offered the role of Charlie Richardson, notorious East End villain and sworn enemy of the Kray twins! Can we assume then that instead of handling a Purdey sawn-off shooter, Moz will clout them over the head with a bunch of daffs, then berate them for being all on their own at the end of the disco? Rumours that Matt and Luke Goss of Bros fame have been pencilled in as Ronnie and Reggie are believed to be unfounded.

Red Hot Chili Peppers: *At the end of the road?*

● **"Madonna** is the ultimate woman... " Words of a love-sick teenager or an obsessed fan? Think again,

En Vogue: *The eight legged groove machine...*

for the glowing tribute to the singer came from David Koresh, the cult leader who died along with eighty of his followers in Waco, Texas. Survivors have told the FBI how Waco idolised Madonna and told his sect members that after praying to God they should offer up 'Hail Madonnas' to the singer, who Koresh believed was his wife. Apparently he also persuaded them to wear six-inch stilettos, shove bananas up their bum and sing the 1977 Wurzels Top 40 hit, *Farmer Bill's Cowman* in Welsh while pedalling a unicycle backwards up four flights of stairs. Obviously he was as sane as you or I, wasn't he?

- Move over *The Golden Girls*! Super-sexy pop group, **En Vogue**, are set to star in their very own sitcom on American television. Directed by Roseanne Arnold, it should hit our screens early next year.

- Congratulations are in order for **Dina Carroll**, who last month became the first British artist of 1993 to be awarded a platinum disc, denoting sales of over 300,000 copies of her debut album, *So Close*.

  The 22-year-old Londoner has scored five Top 30 hits since bursting onto the music scene in July 1992 with *Ain't No Man*. It also gives us a rather tidy excuse to print a picture of the woman who is currently the object of this scribe's dirtiest fantasies...

- And finally, the future of **The Red Hot Chili Peppers** looks decidedly shaky, after their bassist, Flea, was diagnosed as suffering from ME and ordered to rest for the next twelve months. After a tumultuous year that saw their meteoric rise to fame, the LA-based foursome have cancelled all future live commitments and sacked guitarist Arik Marshall. In time-honoured tradition, singer Anthony Kiedis is looking for a solo deal, after dueting with Madonna in Los Angeles last month. There is some good news though: the Velvet Underground replaced the Chilis at this year's Glastonbury and went down like a wet lettuce. Ha-ha! See you next month, pop pickers... ♣

Kirsty

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Beautiful Kirsty just can't keep away from Club, which is just as well as according to your letters her popularity is going up – like a few other things we could mention! "You know, being Girl of the Year has given me a taste for the finer things in life," she giggles. "And you do get to meet some very interesting people in these stately homes, I

mean, all those lords and dukes everywhere! They were so sweet and really didn't mind me using one of their rooms for the shoot at all!"

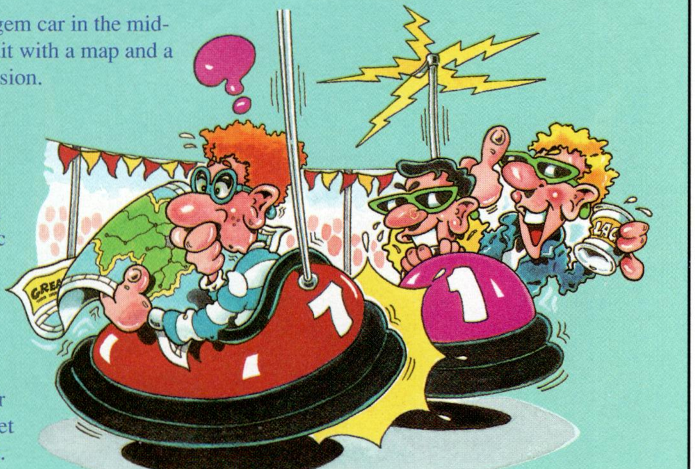
Ah! But did they give you a sexy sticker for your car saying where you'd been that day?

"No, but this one fella did say I could pop in any time for a mouthful of Earl Grey..." ♣

TEN SENSELESS THINGS

We all like to go out once in a while, and what better place for fans of the futile than the local funfair. So floss your flares, iron your car and try out the following while cleverly disguised as a catflap...

1) When aiming at coconuts, always spin round repeatedly till you throw up.
2) Buy two candyflosses and ram both sticks in either ear.
3) As you reach the top of the Big Wheel, offer the people behind you a fruit pastille.
4) Sit in a dodgem car in the middle of the circuit with a map and a puzzled expression.
5) Play some fruit machines and actually expect to win.
6) Try to get in the clear plastic bag and have a chat with the goldfish you've just won.
7) Aim your air rifle at the target you want to hit.
8) Expect to hear current pop hits being played.
9) Try to get your teeth through the caramel on a toffee apple.
10) Convince yourself you won't throw up afterwards. ♣



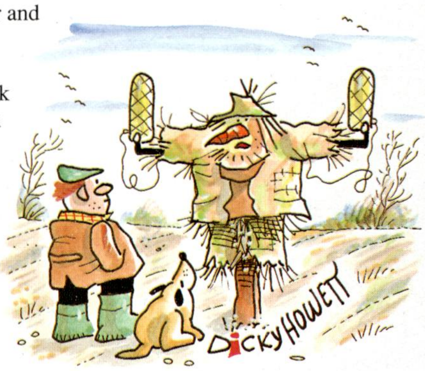
IN THE BAG

continued from page 11

two fingers deep inside and frigging herself. "I want more cock," she breathed huskily, gesturing to John. "Come here and fuck me!" John moved over and dropped to his knees in front of her, his erect cock bobbing proud in the air. Naseem then expertly guided his cock inside her pussy and started sliding up and down on it.

Naseem then turned to me and beckoned me over. She opened up her mouth and I slid my limp cock inside and Naseem started to suck me back to hardness. I could hardly believe my eyes as I looked down to see her expertly milking two cocks at once. She was controlling the pace just right too, and as John started to buck his hips, she rubbed my balls and sucked even harder until we both came as the same time. "Spunk all over me," she cried, and we both directed arcs of sticky spunk all over her face, tits and stomach.

Naseem then took great delight in rubbing warm spunk all over skin, and she

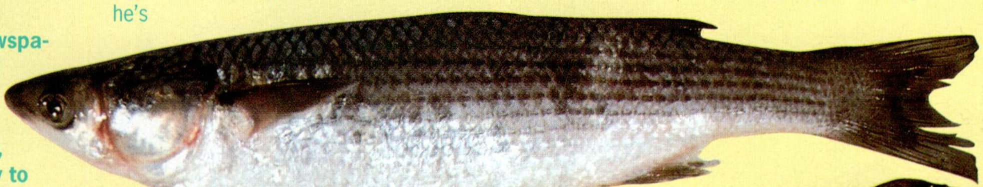


"Well if you must know, I'm recording stereo sound effects for The Archers"

Probe

This month, **Dr Cliff Hanger** looks into a question that has troubled anglers since the dawn of time: just what is the sexiest fish around?

Good evening, fish lovers, and welcome. Our aquatic friends are lovely, aren't they? I love fish, me. Big ones, little ones, ugly ones with lots of sharp teeth, ones covered in batter and wrapped up in newspaper; even Michael Fish the weatherman. Yup, any fish will do for me, and today I will try to answer the question that has had me guessing for years... just what fish turns a man like me on?



Red Mullet

I've always had more than a natural affection for this little chap. That smooth, chubby master of the fresh water is a fantastic kisser, and can cut quite a sight on the dancefloor, believe me. Although the red mullet can be prone to acting embarrassingly loud if he's had a few drinks, it still comes top of my scale (no pun intended, fish lovers!) of marine life.

A fish-tastic 9 out of 10

Grey Mullet

Related only in name to the red mullet, our ever-so-grey mullet is particularly prone to severe mood swings – but there's never a dull moment with this little fella around. Occasionally they like a smoke or a romantic walk in the park with their loved one, but they're just as happy sitting in at home with a good book and their feet up. Sadly, the grey mullet tends to be a bit unadventurous in bed and they usually snore loudly too.

A rather watery 6

Rainbow Trout

Mmm, vain little bugger, the trout. Always poncing around in front of the mirror, they invariably hog the bathroom for hours first thing in the morning. Prone to premature hair loss and prostrate problems.

A seriously Bird's Eye 3

Plaice

Unassuming, genteel, laid-back and *sooo* boring! The plaice is one of (marine) life's dullest companions. The plaice wouldn't say boo to a goose, is always the last to get the drinks in at the bar and would rather stay tucked up in bed than hit the nightclubs come the twilight hours.

A Findus-ly 2

Sardine

Waa-hey, now you're really talking, believe me! As far as I'm concerned, the sardine is the sexiest fish around. That sleek figure, those oh-so-sil-

SERVING SUGGESTION

even scooped up handfuls of the stuff and licked her fingers clean. John looked at me in complete disbelief as she lay there writhing around, covered in spunk with a big grin plastered all over her face.

The next stop was inevitably the bedroom – but not before Naseem insisted on writing it all down to send into Club! She's promised that if her letter gets printed in the magazine, then she'll try and get a foursome arranged next week – and she'll write down every filthy detail and send it in! – *Paul and Naseem, Bradford*

Strip, Strip... Hooray!

I'm always reading in Club about how sexy the models feel when they strip off in front of men, but until last month I didn't realise how sexy it actually is!

It all started at work during our morning break. Everyone was in the canteen having coffee and chat-

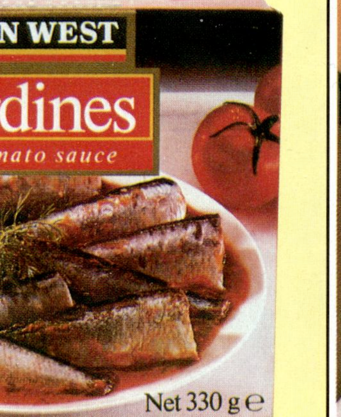
continued on page 39

very scales and that animal magnetism – it's got the lot!

The sardine is never afraid to show its innermost feelings, is a kind and considerate lover that actually enjoys sleeping in the wet patch and loves the fishionary position. Yes, it's the sardine for me, without a doubt. No other fish comes close in the aquatic world. And the best thing about them, I hear you ask? When the relationship has hit rock bottom and your love has fizzled out, they're absolutely mouth-watering served hot in tomato sauce on buttered toast!

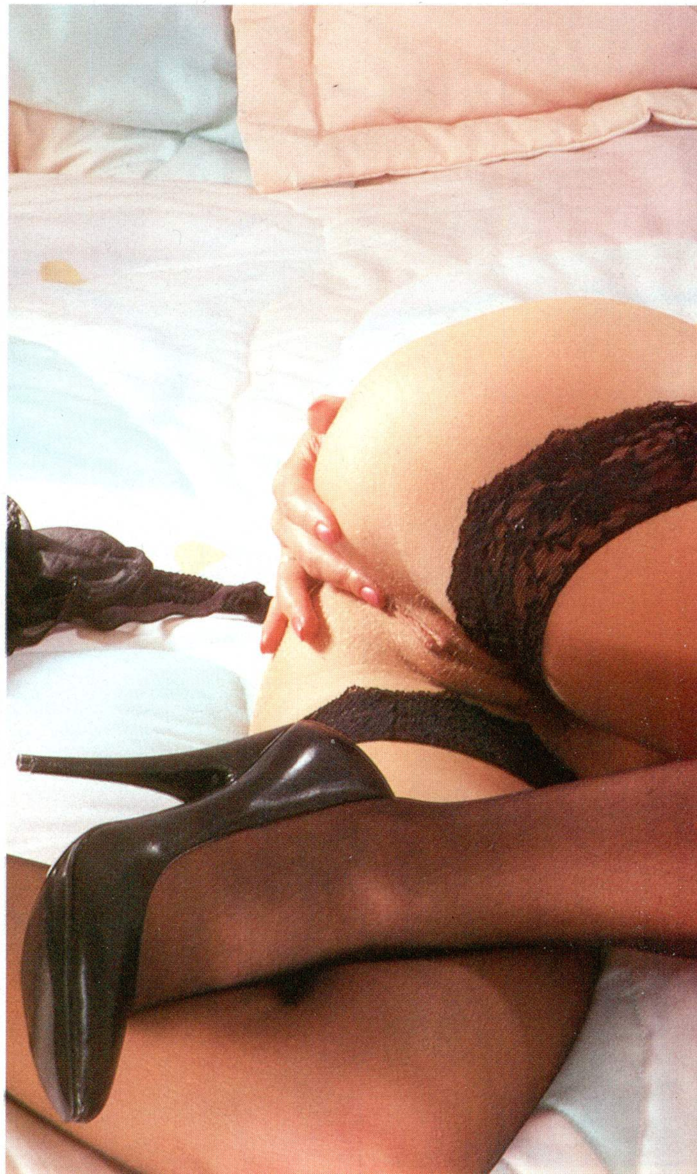
A Jaws-like 10

Next month: MFI pine bathroom cabinets. Are they some sort of joke, or what? ♣



Photographs by Joanie Allum

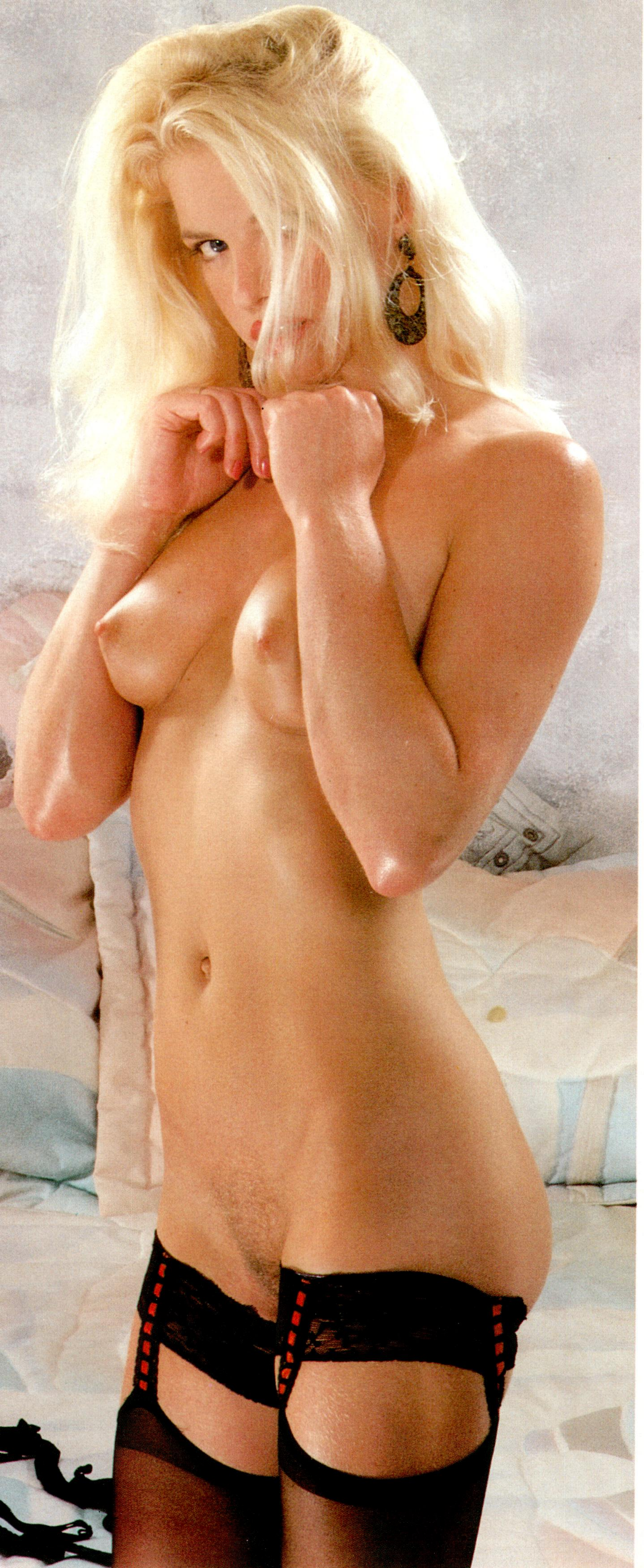
clare

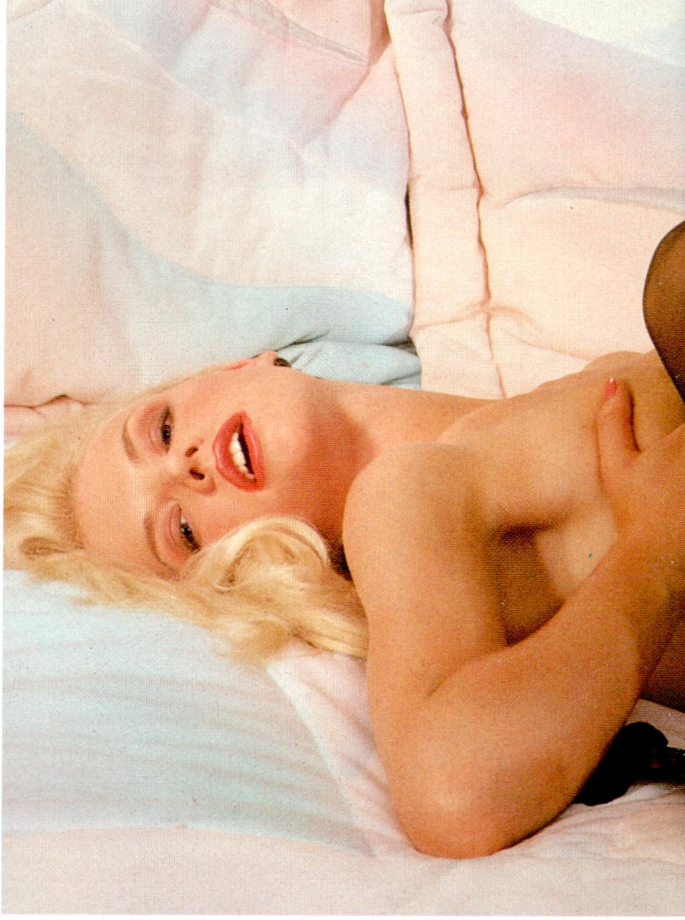


Now open wide... a little further... perfect! It might be Clare's first time in Club, but if our sexy dental receptionist carries on looking like this she's going to fill more trousers in one month than she's filled teeth in a year!

"Well, I hope your readers like me," giggles the beautiful 19-year-old. "My boss, Dr Gripper, reckons that if I leave his practise half his patients won't be coming any more."

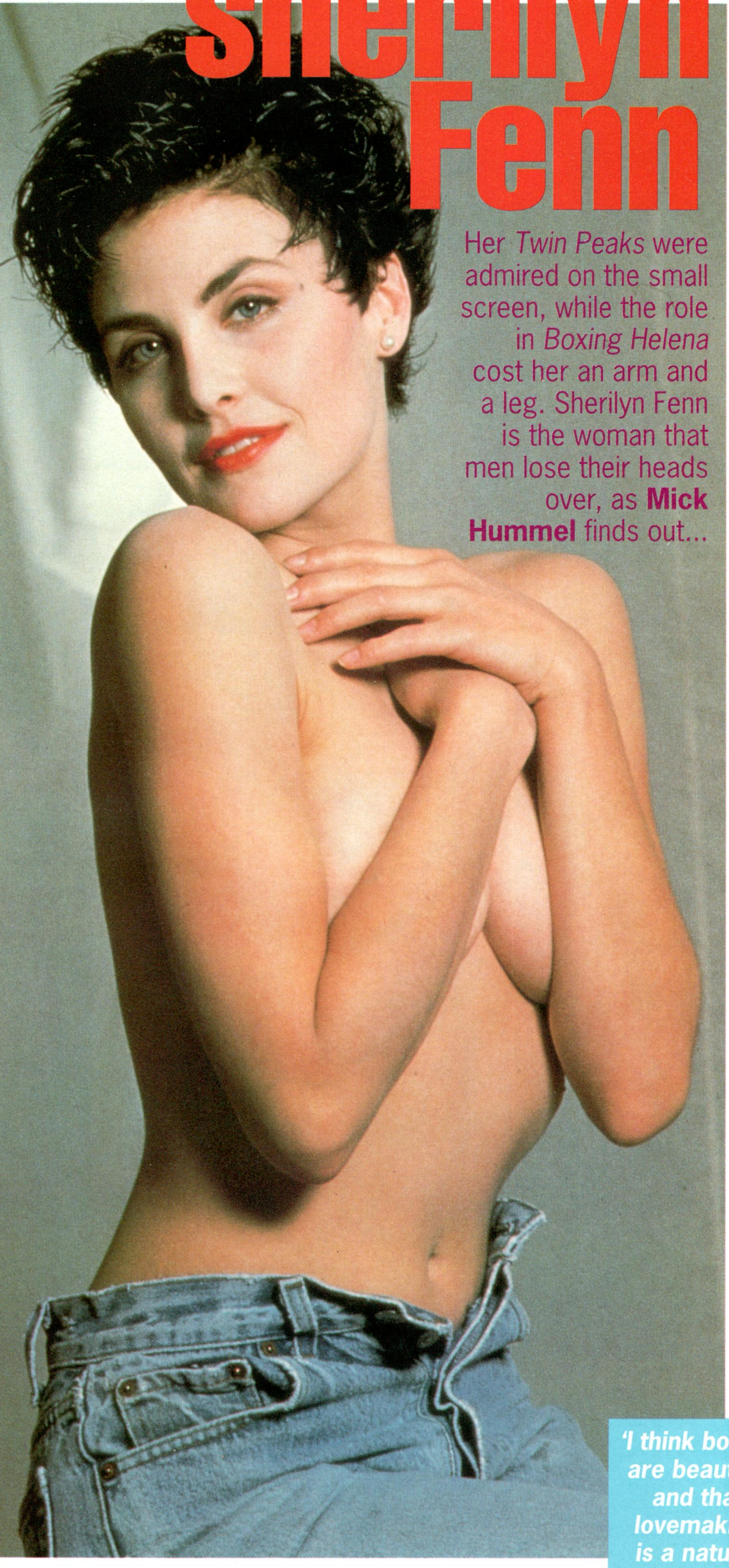
He's probably right but all our readers will be instead!♣





sherilyn Fenn

Her *Twin Peaks* were admired on the small screen, while the role in *Boxing Helena* cost her an arm and a leg. Sherilyn Fenn is the woman that men lose their heads over, as **Mick Hummel** finds out...



Sherilyn Fenn looks like she might be a fun girl to take to a party. Not necessarily for her conversation, or indeed her looks; but more so for her inclination to strip off in front of other guests and take an impromptu shower under a fountain. She also seems to be the perfect neighbour to have. At night she leaves her curtains open, the lights on and she gets undressed in front of the window. I know. I've seen her. Well, on film anyway. For this isn't – unfortunately – the real Sherilyn Fenn, but her latest character, Helena, the dick-teasing dolly who is the source of a doctor's obsession in her bizarre new film, *Boxing Helena*.

Madonna and Kim Basinger both turned down the role before Sherilyn because they thought it was too bizarre. It's a sort of boy-meets-girl, boy-chops-girl's-legs-and-arms-off-and-keeps-her-trussed-up-in-a-small-box. You can see their point, right? So why exactly did Sherilyn decide *to take it on?

"My interest in doing the film had nothing to do with the fact that Madonna and Kim Basinger were set to do it," purrs Sherilyn. "I thought it was one of the most remarkable scripts that I've ever read. I knew I'd gone into places that I'd never gone before. Whenever that happens I know I've got a lot to learn and I want to go into those things."

Like the voyeurism, perhaps? Where Helena gets off on watching her fella shagging a prostitute?

Apparently not...

"It deals with all the denial, pain, confusion and fear that has to do with intimacy when you're getting close to another human being."

By cutting off her arms and legs, Sherilyn?

"I think," she continues, ignoring your cheeky reporter, "that a lot of feminists will like it and a lot of them won't."

Err, right.

Boxing Helena continues a trend that has seen Sherilyn in a number of bizarre and sexy roles. In fact she seems to have thrived on them and she appears to take her work very seriously. Like the role in the ultra-steamy *Two Moon Junction*, which was directed by shag-happy Zalman King. Basically it's about a virginal bride who shags someone else before the wedding.

"I always thought it was a love story," says Sherilyn, "but it wasn't. It was sexual

'I think bodies are beautiful and that lovemaking is a natural part of life'

> **'I've got a thing about older men. Around thirty-two is good'**

obsession. I thought it was about a girl who was engaged to be married and falls in love with someone else. But it's not, it's just that this other guy is big and muscular and she wants to fuck him."

Sounds fair enough to us. Then, of course, there was her portrayal of the shagtastic flirt Audrey in David Lynch's *Twin Peaks*.

"I like Audrey," enthuses Miss Fenn. "She taught me a lot. She taught me how to be stronger, how to be aggressive and how to go after things. She taught me how to be childlike and mischievous.

"I never understood how people perceived Audrey. They thought she was a bad girl – a bitch – but I always thought she was cool. She knew what she wanted and she went after it and a lot of what she did was playful, you know? She would play with sex and other people's expectations and fantasies and get where she wanted to go. But her motives were pure."

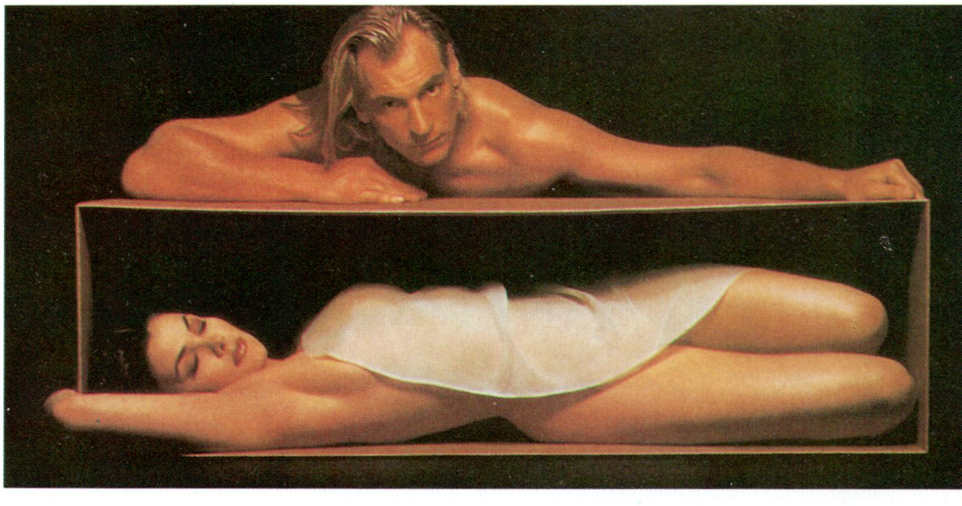
And what about Sherilyn's motives for posing nude in *Playboy*?

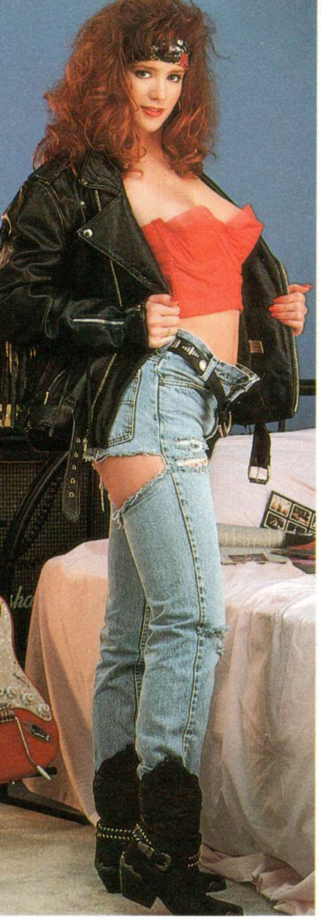
Well, according to her it was because the pictures were tasteful and taken by her then boyfriend... and she pocketed a quarter of a million into the bargain. "It helped to pay the rent," she explains. Sadly, nudity is something she's trying to avoid now. Firstly because she wants to be taken more seriously and – quite unbelievably – she's not happy with the way she looks.

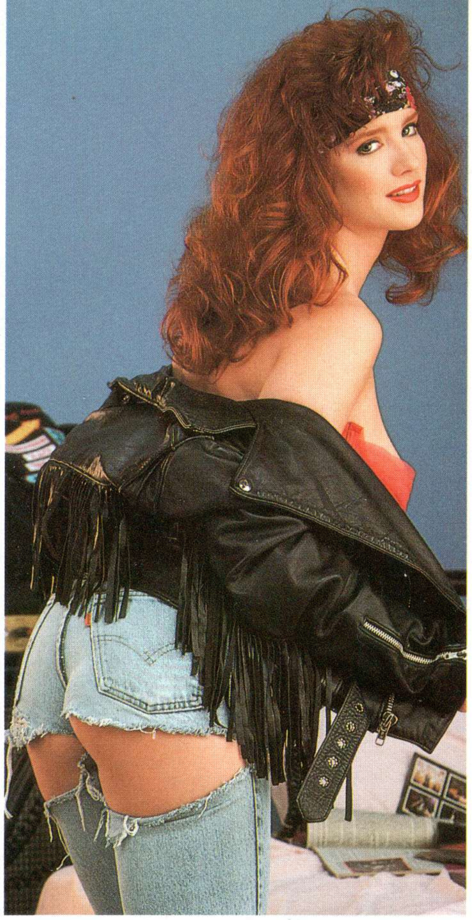
"I think bodies are beautiful and that lovemaking is a natural part of life," she says. "But I'm not comfortable with my own body at the moment. I don't even like wearing a bathing suit."

Sherilyn's next film, *Three Of Hearts*, sees her keeping her clothes on, but she does play a lesbian who eventually falls in love with a man, played by Alec Baldwin. So what exactly does Miss Fenn look for in the opposite sex?

"I've got this thing about older men. Around thirty-two is good. It seems the older they are the more together they are. I tend to attract people who are younger though, which is bad. Bad news. The problem is that the men I meet... obviously they are not seeing the same person in front of them, but the sex symbol they've seen on screen." ♣







SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by Scott Evans

Well hello there! Come on in, I was just relaxing in my bedroom, listening to some of my favourite music (you know, The Temptations, Hot Chocolate, The Bangles – all the sexy ones!) and just hanging loose – as you can see by the rips in my jeans!

Now, I'm not mad about all this grunge music, but I do love my rock and roll. All those leather jackets and tight jeans drive me wild, and hot, sweaty concerts have to be the sexiest thing around!

I'd love to get my own all-girl band together, with me being a really raunchy lead singer as I tease all the boys in the front row. I'd peel off everything as the show got hotter and hotter till I was down to nothing but my black panties and black lacy bra.

I don't know what I'd do for an encore (apart from *that*!); maybe all the other girls could strip too! Oooh, this is really getting me going now!

I'm going to give the girls a ring tonight and get them together for a jam session... and I don't care how messy it gets!

See you next month!

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
Did you know you're to blame for all my sleepless nights? Every month when Club comes out I dash home and tear open the mag till I find the pictures of you in all your naked glory.

Well, that bit's fine, but then whenever I try and get to sleep I can't help but imagine you there in nothing but a pair of black silk stockings giving me the sort of service you'd normally reserve for your boyfriend.

What am I to do! I've got so many bags under my eyes it looks like my nose is wearing a saddle! – *Mark, Plymouth*

Well I'm sorry! Tell you what, next month I'll dress up in a duffel coat, corduroy trousers and a pair of wellies and we'll see if that helps.

Seriously though, you're not really angry with me, are you? You wouldn't really want me to change, would you? Course not! So stop your moaning and buy some Horlicks instead!

Dear Lucy,
I have a bit of a confession to make. Ever since I first saw you stripping off in Club I've had a burning ambition to see you dressed up as a flirty firewoman!

I suppose it's the thought of you dolled up in a big yellow helmet and all that black gear with a huge piece of equipment in your hands that really does it for me!

Any chance? I'm hot under the collar already! – *Brian, Burnley*

I suppose you want me to dress up in some hosiery too!

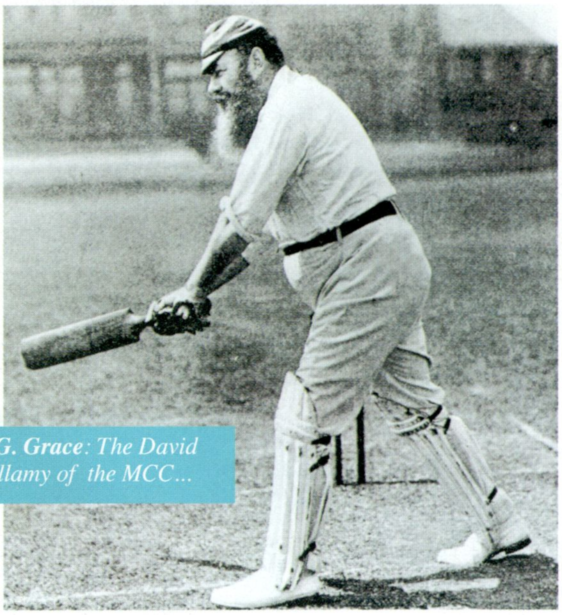
Not a bad idea, though, in fact, it might be a gas! But I think there would need to be a few of us girls to really make it work, and we'd all get ladders in our tights.

Mind you, I am a bit of a sex siren, aren't I? No, Brian, I couldn't do that one – unless you rang my bell! ♣

STEERING COLUMN

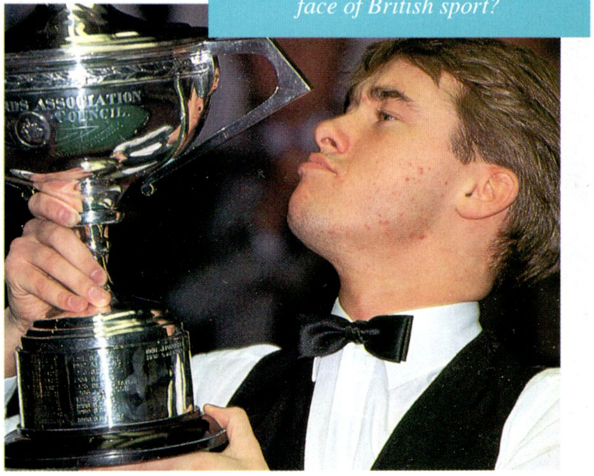
Maurice Short discovers a new image for Mansell in the USA, which shows someone's making plans for Nigel...

Nigel Mansell's personality used to vie with Ian Botham's hairstyle as the most unpleasant thing in British sport (not withstanding Emlyn Hughes, of course). Nowadays, though, he seems to be undergoing some kind of charisma replacement therapy. True, he lives in Florida (the Costa Del Sol of the States), retains that naff moustache and still displays the kind of warped fascination with his own ailments that's usually the preserve of elderly female relatives ("And when the surgeon inserted his probe into my nasal cavity, it was just a solid wall of mucus! More lime jelly, dear?); but there have been disturbing signs of humanity creeping in there too.

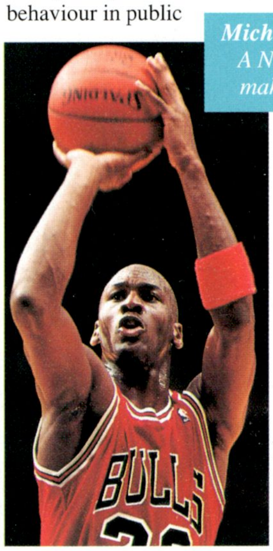

W.G. Grace: The David Bellamy of the MCC...

Not only have telly viewers been treated to the bizarre spectacle of the once-dull Brummie bantering jokes with rival Emerson Fittipaldi, we also had the extraordinary scene of 'Nothing-To-Do-With-Me' Mansell squarely blaming himself for losing the Indianapolis 500 from a seemingly impregnable position. Seasoned Mansell watchers were aghast – I mean, what about the gearbox, Nige? The track surface? The difficulties of getting used to a new currency? Come on, Nigel, get a grip! The Earth's revolving at 30,000 miles an hour – surely that must have affected your steering system? Apparently not. In the land of George Washington, our Nige was coming clean. As David Coleman would say, "Quite, err, remarkable".

● Of course, some cynics may suggest that this sudden personality shift and Mansell's move to America are not entirely unconnected. After all, in the good ol' US of A the punters expect their sportsmen to be very, very nice indeed. Superheroes such as Ray Leonard and basketball star, Michael Jordan, have public personas so sweet the very sight of them is enough to send a diabetic into a coma. The occasional macho badboy such as Charles Barkley or Lawrence Taylor may be tolerated; a whingeing millionaire from across the pond certainly wouldn't be.


Stephen Hendry: The unacceptable face of British sport?

In a nation such as America, where sport is geared to an athletic equivalent of the Hollywood star system, every game is judged by the qualities of its major players. The more popular your sport's stars, the more television coverage you're likely to get and the more revenue you'll generate. The publicists who work for the various sports governing bodies spend more a year promoting their top names than Alex Higgins does on fags – and not just as on-the-field wonderboys, but as off-the-field personalities too. In fact, the emphasis is firmly on the latter. You see, the Americans are used to winners; they more or less expect their athletes to be successful. As a result the champion sportsman's behaviour in public life becomes all important. To most Premier League footballers 'role models' is something you do if you strike it lucky in Stringfellows with a pair of Page Three girls. To their American equivalents becoming one is seen as an essential part of their success. Get it wrong on the field and chances are that you'll be forgiven. Mess up in your public life and you're dog food. Ask Mike Tyson.


Michael Jordan: A Nike way to make a living

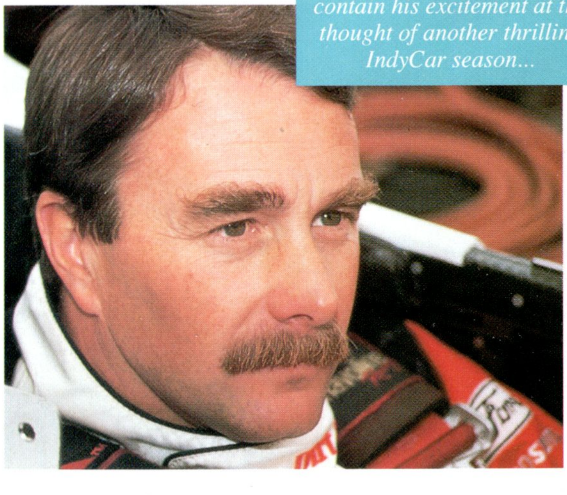
Little wonder then that our Nige is trying to brighten up his act.

● It's certainly quite a contrast to what Mansell was used to in Britain. Here – where successful sports personalities are as thick on the ground as rocking horse manure – if you're a winner, nothing else matters. The crowds at Silverstone and Brands Hatch would forgive Mansell anything; Nick Faldo's flaming outbursts are discounted; Lynford Christie's rages likewise; and if some of our rugby players act like psychopaths, well, who gives a fuck, eh? In the eyes of the majority of British sports fans, just so long as our boys bring home the bacon they can do no wrong. I mean if the Trades Description Act was properly enforced, then the BBC would be hosting an annual 'Sports Unpleasant Personality Of The Year Award' ("And this year's winner is... Stephen Hendry. Oh dear, he's not here. Apparently he's refused to come because he thinks we don't show enough snooker").

Of course, when they start to fail things are a little different. As poor old Gazza seems destined to discover...

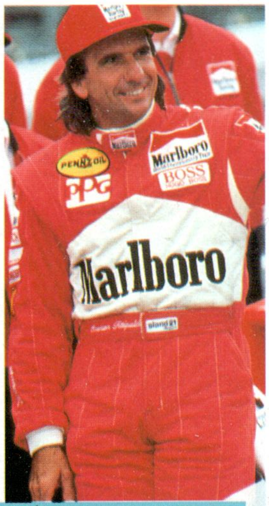
● Some may suggest that this situation is a modern phenomenon in Britain. Personally, I think otherwise. The greatest batsman of cricket's much heralded Golden Age, Dr WG Grace, is a man who to many epitomises British sport; so it's not surprising to discover that he was as churlish as his present day counterparts. Once in a game played before a massive crowd he was given out LBW. He disagreed with the decision and refused to go. The umpire ordered him to leave the field. "Don't be stupid, man," Grace growled, motioning to the spectators. "These people have come to see me bat, not you umpire". The official was so cowed by this display of monstrous egotism and gamesmanship that he allowed the good Doctor to stay at the wicket. Another victory for English fair play...

● There is also the possibility that Mansell's new-found chirpiness owes less to skilful grooming by a horde of PR people and more to the fact that he is now earning his living in a less competitive environment. Nigel may well stress that the racing is just as tough as on the Grand Prix scene, but then – to borrow a phrase from Mandy Rice-Davies – he would say that, wouldn't he? In reality it's hard to see how it possibly could be. After all, Mansell's main competition


Nigel Mansell can hardly contain his excitement at the thought of another thrilling IndyCar season...

comes from the Brazilian Emerson Fittipaldi, who started out in Formula One when the father of current British favourite Damon Hill was World Champion. Later Fittipaldi himself reigned as World Champion at the wheel of the black and gold John Player Special Lotus. I'm not sure exactly how long ago this was, but it must have been some years ago. At the time JPS marketed a highly successful 'fashion anorak' in their familiar racing colours. The words 'fashion' and 'anorak' haven't been used in the same sentence for at least two decades.

In his day Fittipaldi was a great driver, but his day is surely long gone. In terms of age, though, he is by no means the old-timer on the Indy circuit. There were three grandfathers in the last Indianapolis 500 – most of them rejoicing in names like Hogg Schitt Jnr, Buck Pancake and Gut Armadillo-Wanger the Third. Even allowing for the remarkable vigour of US senior citizens (have you ever tried to get on a bus in front of one in Trafalgar Square?) this seems to be stretching things. How many grandfathers are there in Formula One? And – if IndyCar is really as tough as Nigel Mansell says – how come so many Grand Prix drivers seem to move into it just when they start to get near retirement? It's a bit like someone taking early redundancy from the accounts department to go and work as a North Sea diver... and you don't hear of that too often, do you? ♣



***Emerson Fittipaldi**: Never mind Marlboro... this man should be advertising hip replacements*

Photographs by Michael Moore

gail

How many of you would fancy a Gail like this blowing you all over the place? Tossing you from one side of the room to the other?

"If I hear one more joke about my name they're going back in!" laughs the 20-year-old all-leather girl. Well, it could be worse, you could be called Sandy and have everyone wanting to lie on you naked, or

Dawn and get all those first-thing-in-the-morning jokes.

"Or even Marje and get everyone wanting to spread me...

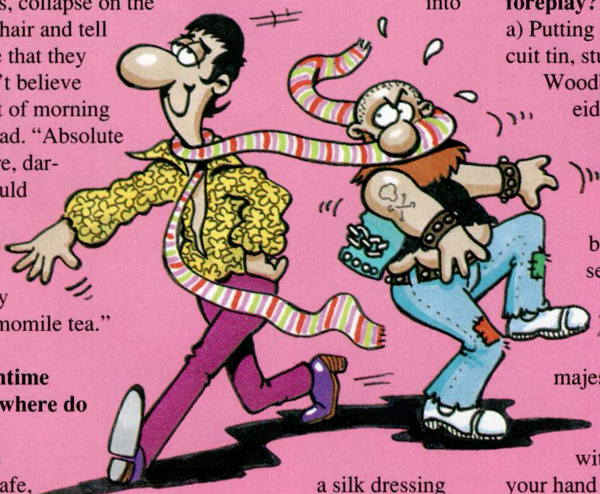
actually, I quite like the sound of that!"♣

quiz

ARE YOU PONCY?

Discover your very own drama queen rating with Club's resident darling, **Oscar Nomination**...

1) Your car breaks down, the buses are on strike and you have to walk into work. You arrive horribly late, so what do you do?
a) Shuffle in grumbling about the weather and the fact that the problem with young people nowadays is that they just don't want to work, lose all bladder control and then fall asleep at your desk.
b) Apologise, then say you were stopped on the way in by some geezer wanting to buy your motor. "Hardly any miles on it, guv, you have to see it to believe it and it's yours for a monkey. Handsome."
c) Burst through the door in a flurry of scarves and shopping bags, collapse on the nearest chair and tell everyone that they just won't believe what sort of morning you've had. "Absolute nightmare, darling. Would someone be a love and get me a very weak camomile tea."

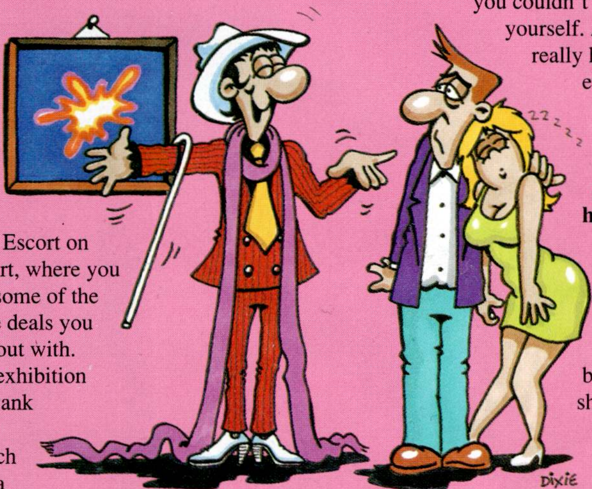


2) Lunchtime arrives, where do you go?
a) To the nearest cafe, where you happily moan about the price of absolutely everything on the menu and how cold it is these days, then clip the waitress round the ear and tell her that manners don't cost anything.
b) To your Portacabin where you unwrap your cellophane-covered cheese sandwiches, pour some tea out of a thermos flask and smoke 20 fags and shout down the phone a bit.
c) To the most expensive bistro you can find where you ask if that darling chef Anton is working, before smoking a whole packet of those long, thin, black cigarettes and eating nothing but a very light salad with no dressing.

3) What would you do in the afternoon?
a) Settle down in your favourite armchair, fall asleep with a copy of *The Sun* over your face and leave a mug of tea beside you to go cold.
b) Wipe a wet rag over a couple of Capris, turn up the collar of your sheepskin jacket and rub your hands together when you hear a punter saying he really knows nothing about motors.
c) Lie in your own flotation tank, then slip into a silk dressing gown, sit on the veranda and whine on the phone to your friends for hours about how you're having one of your 'purple' days.

4) Where would you meet your ideal partner?
a) Down the bingo or the social club, but more likely she'd be shuffling along in a moth-eaten cardigan as you both queued up for your pension.
b) At a car auction where you'd both be bidding for the same E reg. Escort.
c) At the opening night premiere of this marvellous play all about six angry young men finding each other's inner strengths as they all gradually peel off their clothes for absolutely no reason at all.

5) Where would you go on a first date?
a) To the local bus shelter in the pissing rain where you could both dribble on about the fact that everything's awful these days and aren't young people always in a rush nowadays.
b) Underneath the bonnet of an Escort on your forecourt, where you can explain some of the great finance deals you can sort her out with.
c) To an art exhibition where you wank on about the pictures which are done by a very dear friend of yours, which are all overpriced and called things like 'Mother And Paris On A Lonely Park Bench In Grey – Untitled'.



6) What is your idea of foreplay?
a) Putting the lid on the biscuit tin, stubbing your Woodbine out on your eiderdown and popping your false teeth in your dressing gown pocket.
b) Undoing your seat belt and switching the lights off.
c) Standing majestically by the window of your boudoir with the back of your hand on your forehead as you look into the distance and weep openly.

7) Where would your lover find you first thing in the morning?
a) Making tea in the kitchen in your pyjamas and slippers, grumbling to the postman about the price of stamps and how sunny it used to be when you were young.
b) Wanking over a picture in *Forecourt Traders Monthly*.
c) Sitting at your white piano emotionally playing *Chopsticks* or reclining by the swimming pool in sunglasses and bathrobe with an ice bag on your head and the telephone off the hook.

8) Where would you like to go on holiday?
a) Oooh, nowhere foreign. Blackpool would be nice, but it's a bit of a journey, isn't it? Probably sit in the garden with a warm beer playing dominos with the home help.
b) To the back of your forecourt, so you can weld the halves of two completely different cars together and pass it off as a Morris Marina.
c) You'd like to visit Mirabel in Cannes, but you hate flying and those custom officials are sooo rough; so you'll probably stay at home with your Siamese cats, Larry and Greta.

9) What's your idea of good sex?
a) Good what?
b) Sticking your dick in the front grill of a 1963 Bentley.
c) Reading about it. One hears such awful things nowadays, and quite frankly you couldn't possibly do it yourself. Anyway, you really haven't the energy for all that kissing.

10) Do you put your hand on your hip a lot?
a) Not until the doctors put a new one in.
b) No, the sheepskin jacket covers up my hips a treat.
c) Yes, and my other hand is in the air, flopping over at the wrist so that I resemble a teapot.

Well, how did you do? If you're still unsure, check your score below before you have a couple of soft centres and sit down with a good Barbara Cartland.

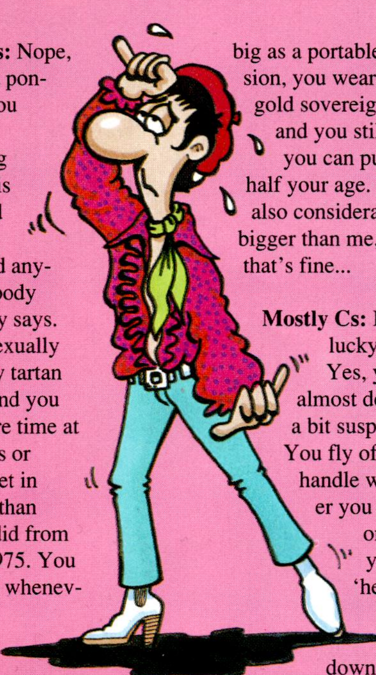
Dear Alex,

Wow... I thought I'd died and gone to heaven when I saw your pictures in Club (Volume 22 Number 7) I could hardly believe my own eyes.

You really looked good enough to eat, and given half the chance I'd certainly have a go! I can just imagine smothering your whole pussy in whipped cream – straight from the fridge, of course!

I'd tease you first by licking and kissing the insides of your thighs, before easing apart your pussy lips and then sticking my tongue deep inside you. You moan loudly as I work my tongue around, lapping frenziedly at all the warm cream as I build up a frenzied rhythm between your legs. "Ahh, just there," you purr, as I flick my wet tongue across your swollen bud.

You're shaking now, and I look up to see you have your eyes closed and your teeth clenched as you come – a wonderfully sexy sight, even if I say so myself! – *Grahame, Peterborough*



Mostly As: Nope, you're not poncey, but you are old. Everything you wear is brown and you can't understand anything anybody under sixty says. You get sexually aroused by tartan blankets and you spend more time at the doctors or on the toilet in one week than you ever did from 1950 to 1975. You fall asleep whenever you stop moving and you smell rather odd too.

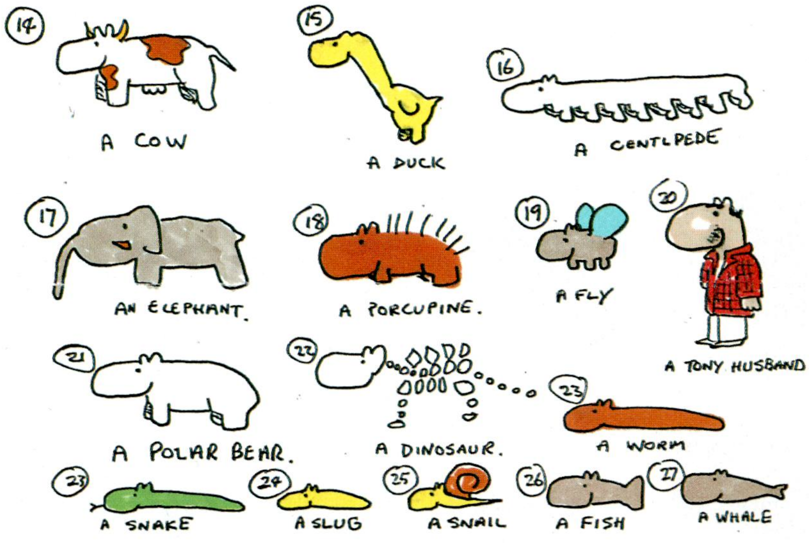
Mostly Bs: Not poncey at all. However, it's not all good news as you are a second-hand car salesman. You think that Frank Butcher off *Eastenders* is God and you have no money in the bank; although you're forever peeling off £10 notes from a thick wad that you keep in the pocket of your sheepskin jacket. You have an old mobile phone that's as big as a portable television, you wear solid gold sovereign rings and you still think you can pull birds half your age. You're also considerably bigger than me, so that's fine...

Mostly Cs: It's your lucky day! Yes, you are almost definitely a bit suspect. You fly off the handle whenever you have one of your 'heads' and break down in a fit of tears when you can't get your hair just right. Everything is an effort to you and the most important people in your life are your manicurist and that darling man who shampoos your poodle three times a week. You probably work in advertising and have a girly name like Francis or Lesley, you wear tight jeans and go to wine bars a lot and... errr, I'll be in the Sailor's Whistle tonight at six like we planned, okay? ♣

How did you know that I had a sweet tooth, Grahame?! I love the idea of all that cream... I can just imagine it getting very warm and sticky between my legs. Of course, it's just as well that I'd have you there to lick it all off! – ***Alex*** ♣

TONY HUSBAND'S GUIDE TO ANIMALS PART 2

This was sent by an anonymous reader. We'd like to point out that we still think Tony's cartoons are funny,and they're staying. So there.



IN THE BAG

continued from page 19

ting. Jasmin, who works as a secretary in our office was reading a magazine article about girls who work in the sex industry. "There's a girl here who says she actually enjoys stripping," she told us in amazement. "I don't know how they could do it, to be honest."

I would have expected this attitude from Jasmin; although she's a really good looking girl, she's always been quiet and reserved. I'm completely the opposite though, and I've always enjoyed flirting with the opposite sex and making the most of my 36-24-34 figure. At work I'll always wear something that reveals a bit more than it should, and I've not had any complaints yet! Seeing an opportunity to shock, I glanced in the fellas' direction before speaking.

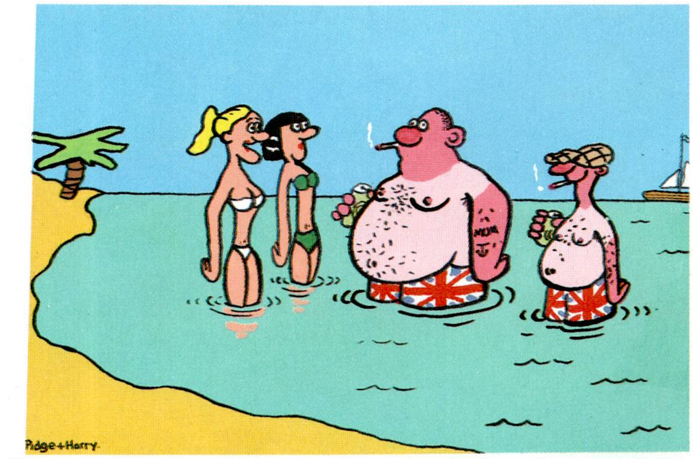
"I think I'd really enjoy stripping off for a living," I told her. "Don't you think it would be great having a load of horny guys worshipping your body? Admit it, Jasmin, you're turned on by the idea, right?" Her light brown face turned red, but she didn't say anything and just smiled. All the guys looked at each other and grinned widely – the randy bastards!

Later on that week, Jasmin and I were approached by Dave, who works in the office. "Look, girls," he said, "I'm organising this stag night for Steve. Well, to be honest, I was going to hire a stripper, but after what you said on Tuesday, perhaps an amateur would be better than a pro. How about it, then?"

Well, I had to think about that one! Saying something in the heat of the moment and actually seeing it through are two different things altogether. But if I said no, I going to look a bit silly, and in any case, I was very turned on by the idea!

"Right, you're on," I laughed. "You lot are going to get the horniest show you've ever seen!" Then to Dave's amazement, Jasmin spoke. "Mmm," she purred, sexily. "How about two strippers?"

After work, Dave took Steve and the lads down to the pub and gave us the keys to his flat. We both headed back there and just after eleven they all came rolling in. Judging by the noise they were making, they were all in a pretty good mood, but it was nothing compared to the surprise

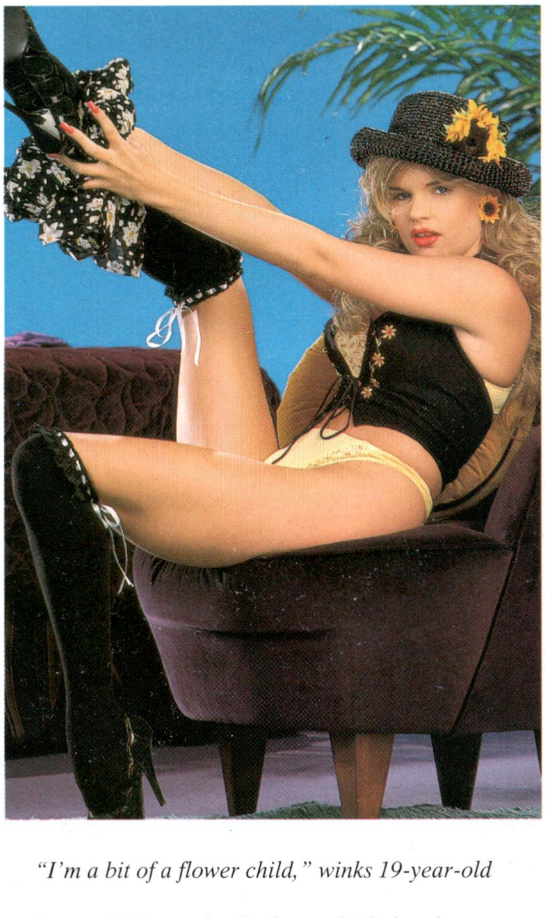


"Say, you guys are putting us on – are you really from Great Britain?"

continued on page 44

Photographs by Maria Clarke

micky



"I'm a bit of a flower child," winks 19-year-old beauty Micky coyly. "I always think that they brighten life up!" Which is funny, because that's exactly what we were thinking about the lovely lass and her pert little body. "I don't seem to have too much trouble bringing a smile to guys' faces. They

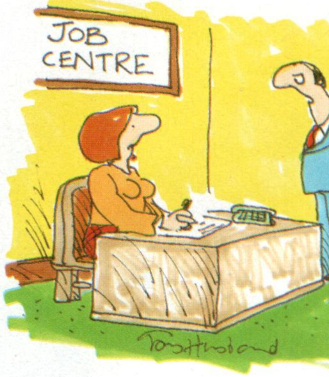
seem to be quite appreciative in other areas too!" Exactly where, Micky wouldn't say, but we've been having an office sweepstakes to work it out and strangely enough, we've all come up with the same answer!

"Oh, it's so nice that you've been talking about me," she sighs. Well the pleasure was all ours, my dear! ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page39

that they were going to get pretty soon. We had hidden ourselves away in the kitchen and only Dave knew we were in there. He came in to get some beers for the guys, and then told us he was going to make the announcement. Jasmin looked at me and giggled, "I hope you're ready, Shelley!" I nodded enthusiastically.



"Miss Culver, have you just sent ten men to mow a meadow?"

I could the room go quiet next door, then Dave's voice piped up. "Gentlemen, sparing no expense, I have scoured the earth to find two of the sexiest strippers you will ever see!" A loud cheer filled the room. "So, without further ado, I give you Shelley!"

I walked into the room, and the look of utter amazement on everyone's face was clear to see. There were four guys seated in the room, Steve and Dave on one sofa; and Tom and Andy from the office on separate chairs. To a round of applause, I began to dance in the middle of the floor and I could see their excitement rising as I smoothed my hands down over the red velvet of my dress. I waltzed over to Dave and gestured for him to ease down my zip, revealing the matching sexy red underwear I had chosen to wear underneath.

Louder cheers filled the room as I rubbed the palms of my hands over my nipples, then called Steve up to unclasp my bra. I could feel his hot breath on my neck as he gently eased off my bra and my breasts fell free.

continued on page 98

GIVE IT SOME HAMMER!

Rock with fear from our free CD!

Fancy a heavy metal CD? Well here's one that's seedier than most. Rock band Warfare have compiled an album of songs as a celebration of Hammer Films. This house of horror music is a tribute to the B-for-blood picture company that kept more people screaming than our local pile clinic. Tracks include such singalong greats as *Vlad the Impaler, Baron Frankenstein* and *Phantom of the Opera* (very definitely not the Andrew Lloyd Webber version!).

Now you might think that linking your album to a well-loved genre of films is just a cheap promotional gimmick by an average band desperately in need of any publicity they can get. We disagree! That's because we've got ten of these monstrous albums to give away — and the rather attractive lady in leather trousers from the PR company bought us a pint.

In order to get one of our free CD's all you have to do is tell us on a postcard what scares you most. It might be women with poor complexions and ill-fitting false teeth like Amanda Donohoe here or something dull like spiders or old ladies with shopping trolleys running over your foot when your wearing your flip-flops. We'll give the guy with the ten most original or pathetic phobias a free copy of *Hammer Horror* so he can fill his pants in the privacy of his own home.

Simply complete the phrase, "I am scared shitless by......" (in no more than 200 words) and post it to Send Me Something Free, Club International, 2 Archer St, London, W1V 7HE. All replies will be treated in the strictest confidence. We might laugh about them in the pub but we promise that we won't tell your girlfriend!♣

Silva Screen
Hammer Horror
The Plague of the Zombies
Dracula
Prince of Darkness
WAR FARE
Clam Carson Davion Pearce Williams
Phantom of the Opera
A ROCK TRIBUTE TO THE STUDIO THAT DRIPPED BLOOD

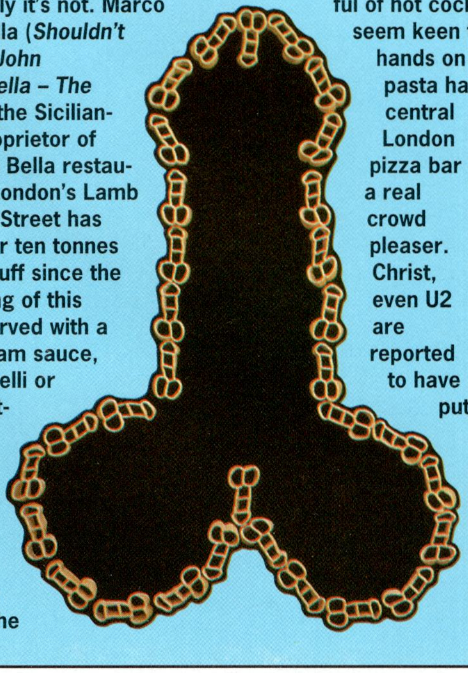
PASTA WITH SAUCE?

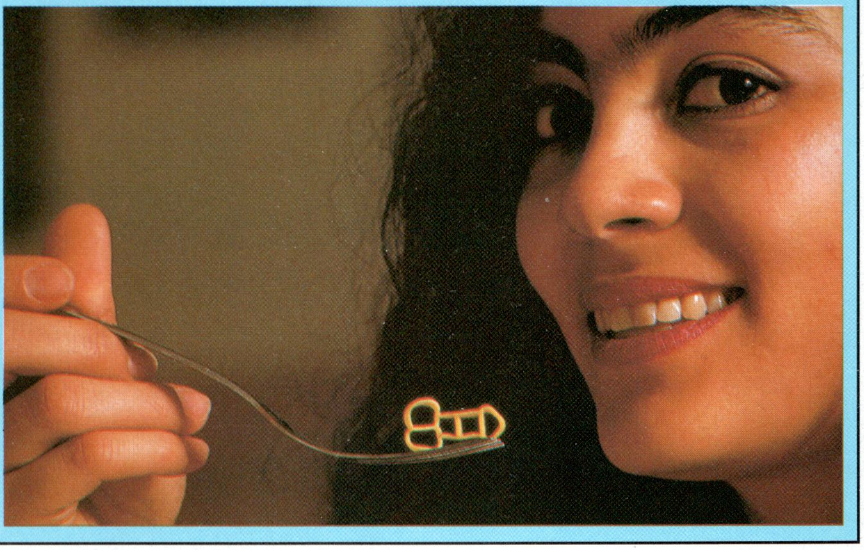
Prick-shaped pasta? What a load of bollocknaise, eh? Actually it's not. Marco Tomasella (*Shouldn't that be John Thomasella – The Editor*), the Sicilian-born proprietor of the Ciao Bella restaurant in London's Lamb Conduit Street has sold over ten tonnes of the stuff since the beginning of this year! Served with a rich cream sauce, the willitelli or minchietta (meaning small penis) is the porkiest dish in the world. Women are queuing around the block for a mouthful of hot cock and men seem keen to get their hands on it too. The pasta has made the central London pizza bar a real crowd pleaser. Christ, even U2 are reported to have put in an order for a large qauntity of the stuff!

Marco is now busily working on a female version of the pasta (*Fannioli, perhaps? – The Ed*), but so far he can't get one that's easy to pick up. In the meantime, if you want to have your cock and eat it, then why not fork off to Ciao Bella?

Next month: A deep-pan pizza that looks like the Sub Editor's arse.

Lady Editor's Pasta Joke: Why is cooking cock-shaped pasta just like handling the real thing? Because if you leave it in too long it goes soft on you! ♣





Photographs by Maria Clarke

shauna

Looking about as bootyful as a woman can be is 19-year-old Shauna who just has to be the cutest cowgirl we've ever seen!

"All I need now is a nice butch cowboy in ripped jeans and leathers all covered in dust and I'll be happy!" giggled the platinum blonde as she popped open her extremely hot pants and wiggled them to the floor. "Mind you,

he'd have to make love to me with my boots on."

And who wouldn't mind getting saddled with that sort of bonking bonanza? Well, as long as she took the spurs off first.

"Of course I would! Anyway, he'd be the one doing all the riding..."♣

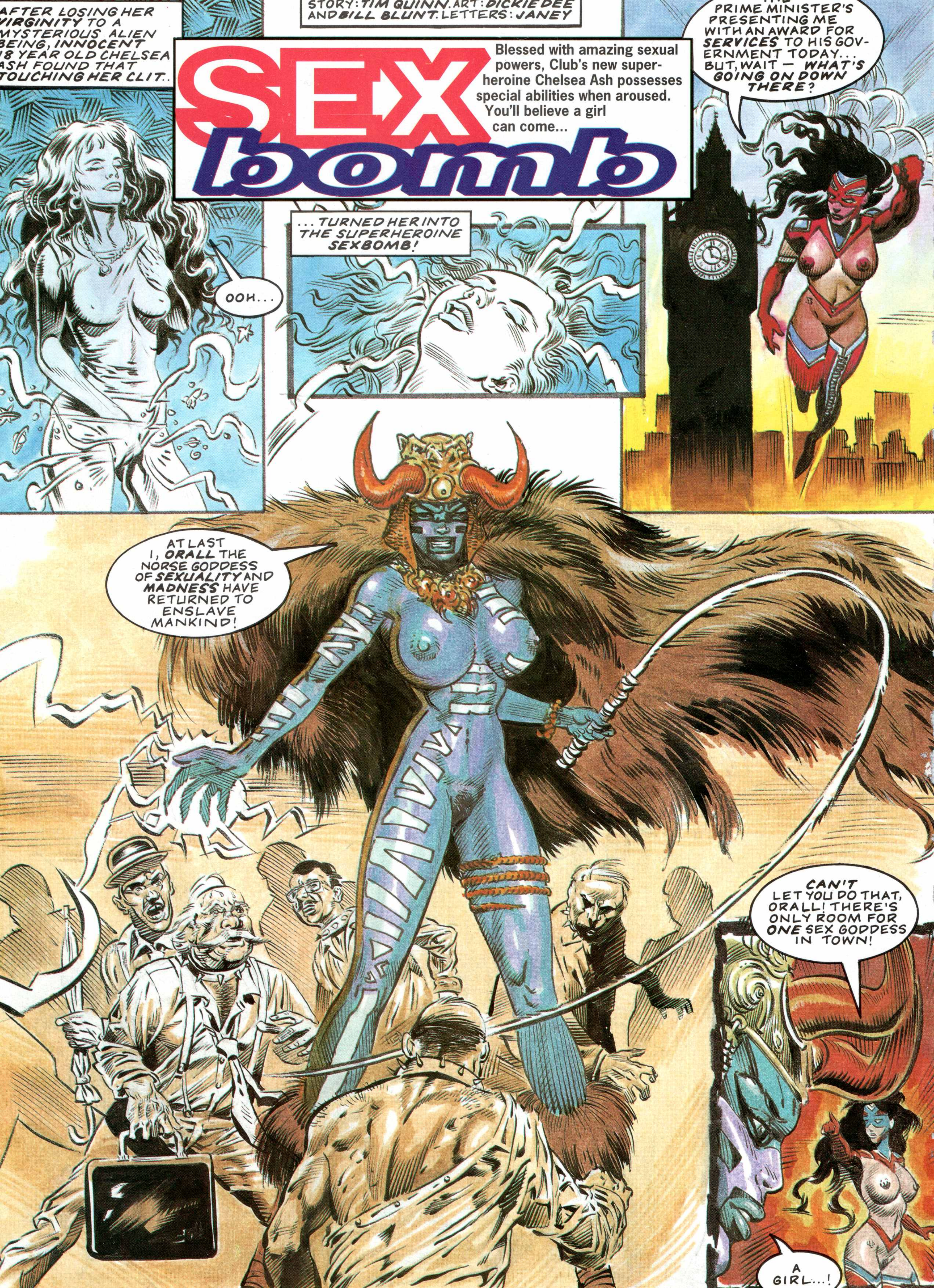
shauna

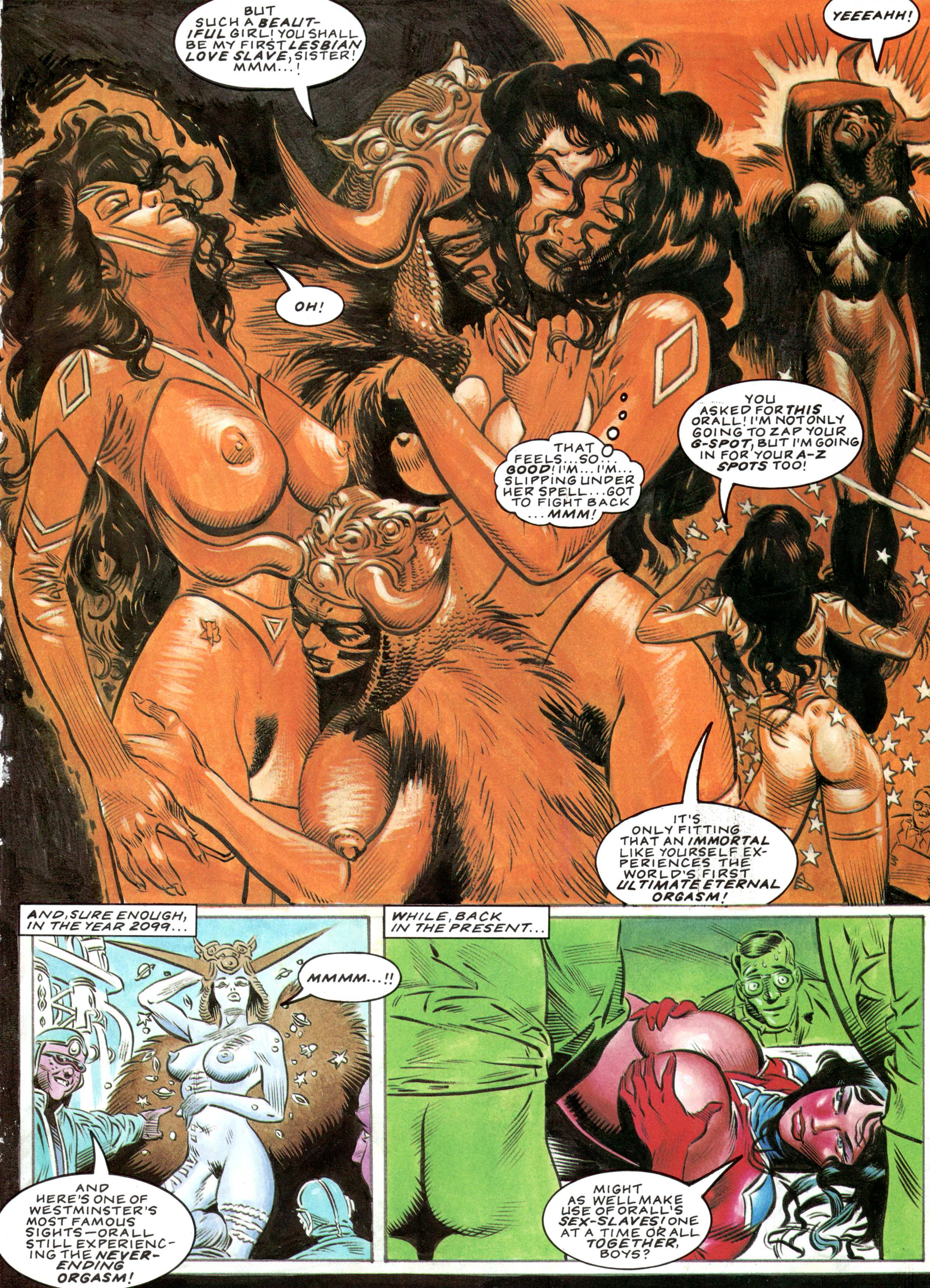
club

STORY: TIM QUINN. ART: DICKIE DEE AND BILL BLUNT. LETTERS: JANEY

SEX bomb

Blessed with amazing sexual powers, Club's new superheroine Chelsea Ash possesses special abilities when aroused. You'll believe a girl can come...


AFTER LOSING HER VIRGINITY TO A MYSTERIOUS ALIEN BEING, INNOCENT 18 YEAR OLD CHELSEA ASH FOUND THAT TOUCHING HER CLIT..
OOH...
...TURNED HER INTO THE SUPERHEROINE SEXBOMB!
THE PRIME MINISTER'S PRESENTING ME WITH AN AWARD FOR SERVICES TO HIS GOVERNMENT TODAY... BUT, WAIT — WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?
AT LAST I, ORALL THE NORSE GODDESS OF SEXUALITY AND MADNESS HAVE RETURNED TO ENSLAVE MANKIND!
CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, ORALL! THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE SEX GODDESS IN TOWN!
A GIRL...!


BUT SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL! YOU SHALL BE MY FIRST LESBIAN LOVE SLAVE, SISTER! MMM...!
YEEEAHH!
OH!
THAT FEELS... SO... GOOD! I'M... I'M... SLIPPING UNDER HER SPELL... GOT TO FIGHT BACK ...MMM!
YOU ASKED FOR THIS ORALL! I'M NOT ONLY GOING TO ZAP YOUR G-SPOT, BUT I'M GOING IN FOR YOUR A-Z SPOTS TOO!
IT'S ONLY FITTING THAT AN IMMORTAL LIKE YOURSELF EXPERIENCES THE WORLD'S FIRST ULTIMATE ETERNAL ORGASM!
AND, SURE ENOUGH, IN THE YEAR 2099...
MMMM...!!
AND HERE'S ONE OF WESTMINSTER'S MOST FAMOUS SIGHTS—ORALL STILL EXPERIENCING THE NEVER-ENDING ORGASM!
WHILE, BACK IN THE PRESENT...
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE USE OF ORALL'S SEX-SLAVES! ONE AT A TIME OR ALL TOGETHER, BOYS?

sandy

Photographs by Ralph Medland

Bare bottom, bare boobs, even bare floorboards, could anyone ask for more? Well, as long as the first two belong to sexy Sandy, we're happy!

"You know, I did all this stripping myself," grinned the 18-year-old beauty. Yes, Sandy, we just saw you, we said patiently.

"No! The floor! It had so many splinters that after a

session with my boyfriend my bum used to look like two hedgehogs. But now its all nice and smooth. Go on, get on your knees and have a feel."

We won't say what Sandy did next, but our photographer should be out of hospital by the end of the week – if they can find that tripod...♣

TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Good Service

I'm a career girl and make no bones about it. If a man can't handle independence in a woman then he's not the guy for me!

My name is Vicky. I'm 24, work for a major merchant banker in the City and spend my days imagining all the horny things I could do with those smart young guys in suits I work with.

Still, I do have a sneaky liking for 'a bit of rough', as they say, which led to my greatest fucking escapade.

I'd just bought a house and was still waiting for my washing machine to be installed. I had to take the day off work to let the servicemen in, and was more than pleasantly surprised when I opened the door to find two gorgeous guys wearing overalls that seemed to be getting tighter by the minute.

John introduced Alex as his junior who'd only been on the job two weeks and was learning the ropes. I made Alex a cup of coffee while John wheeled in the washing machine. As he ripped off the packaging he was flexing a fair amount of muscle in the process and giving me a perfect view of a very cute arse too!

I could feel my knickers getting damp at the thought of what it would be like to be fucked by two guys, and couldn't believe my luck when the stopcock John was working on burst open and water gushed all over John's boiler suit. Alex was panicking as the water poured all over the floor, but I grabbed a tea-towel and headed straight for John's crotch, spending a good few seconds feeling his stiffening cock under the pretence of drying him off.

John didn't seem to mind this extra attention so I bent down to unzip his flies. He wasn't wearing any underwear, which I've always found a turn-on, so I slipped his beautiful tool out and began to suck on his shaft with long, slow movements. From the corner of my eye I caught sight of Alex, probably no older than 19, twitching nervously and excitedly and moving his hand slowly over his own rampant dick.

John lay back against the washing machine, groaning pretty loudly, and I felt the cold water around my stockings while I took his cock in my mouth with delight. He was panting as I moved my mouth up and down, teasing the throbbing purple helmet, gradually building up more speed until John groaned and emptied what felt like a gallon of spunk into my mouth.

I was really turned on by the fact that I had just given a blow-job to a guy who I had hardly spoken a dozen words to and it was hard to tell whether it was just the water that had made my knickers wet or the river of juices which were flowing from my pussy.

Alex, meanwhile, certainly wasn't shy for a lad of his age and was busy slipping out of his overalls and turning me round so that I'd be ready to suck his stiff dick. I was in heaven!

The floor was covered in water, but this only added to the thrill as I got down to the job in hand while John bent down to whip my knickers off. I was hammering away at Alex's cock, which was bulging in my mouth, when I suddenly felt John's tool, primed for action again, slipping into me doggy-fashion.

I tried hard to suck the one dick in time with the other's thrusting and the three of us worked up a frantic rhythm which ended with all of us achieving shuddering climaxes within seconds of each other.

While the guys took time to get their breath back and stiffen to attention, I slipped out of my soaking dress, unclasped my lacy bra and started to play with my tits, teasing the nipples gently and then harder as they rose to the occasion. John bent down and pushed his head into my dripping pussy, beginning to move his tongue around in a circular motion, working my clit with the expertise of a man who really knew what he was doing. Alex took my hands away from my boobs

firmly, and then lowered his head to my left tit, lapping and moaning at one and the same time.

It was a bloody good job the kitchen had lace curtains, let me tell you, otherwise the neighbours would have had a right eyeful of the shagging scene going on inside!

My pussy was in seventh heaven as John probed me time and again, and once more I felt the warm rush as I climaxed. The stiffness of my nipples told me that I wasn't done yet, so I lay down in the water, my tangled hair dripping down over my face, and spread my legs ready for Alex to enter me. His young, strong legs pushed his tool into me with the force of a jackhammer and I felt my pussy lips relax as I lost myself in the sheer pleasure of fucking.

I always knew that I was a horny little devil, but the thought of reaching three orgasms in one rampant session just made me all the more sexy! I couldn't get enough, and John wasn't a man to let a lady down, standing over me working his prick to produce yet more of his gorgeous spunk. When he came again I was amazed that he could still manage such a big load, but as it splattered over my boobs I put my hands up and started working the come into a creamy lather all over my tingling tits.

Just at that moment Alex came inside me with one great gasping lunge,. For the final time I came myself and lay there in the water, exhausted but delighted and feeling well and truly shagged.

Needless to say the two guys couldn't believe their luck and fitted my washing machine in record time. Just to thank them I stood naked and fingered myself while they tried to get on with the job in hand.

They admitted that it took a while longer than usual, but what a brilliant experience, and, as they say, fair exchange is no robbery! – *Vicky, London*

French Dressing

My name's Dawn and I'm 19 years old, with a 40-inch bust. My friend Sue tells me I should model for a living, and maybe I'll try it some day soon!

It was Sue who made me write this letter to you, after I told her what happened to me. She's a regular reader of Club and has now got me into it as well.

It all began when my boyfriend, Carl, called me on his return from a business trip to France, to say he'd be visiting that evening with a couple of surprises for me.

I took a bath and prepared my body for him, shaving my pussy hair into a neat triangle, leaving my plump lips exposed. I rubbed oil into my skin, enjoying the touch of my hands as they moved over my breasts and between my thighs.

Carl arrived and we kissed passionately. He was carrying a large package which I feverishly opened. Inside, I found a lacy black French basque and black silk stockings that he'd bought in Paris. I was really thrilled. I kissed him and headed for the bedroom.

The feel of the basque against my body was so horny. My tits were exposed and the silk stockings just added to my excitement.

I came out of the bedroom and found Carl naked on the sofa. His cock twitched as his eyes skimmed over me. My mouth was drawn like a magnet to his long, hard cock. I took him deep into my throat, sliding my tongue down the length of his shaft as he thrust his cock up into my mouth.

I gave him the blowjob of his life – well, nearly! I didn't want him to come just yet, I was saving that for my pussy. So, when I had sucked him enough, I told him, "Fuck me now."

"Not yet," he said. "Get up here and sit on my face."

Okay, I said to myself, I can wait a little longer to be fucked. I positioned myself above him, my legs either side of his head, and lowered my pussy onto his face.

I felt his hot breath on my pussy just before he started to suck me, rolling his tongue over my clit until my snatch was gushing sticky juice.

I began grinding my pussy down onto his mouth. My orgasm getting nearer, I grabbed his head, trying to control the movements. Then I came, thrashing wildly as wave after wave of my orgasm shook my body. He wiped the back of his hand against his wet mouth.

"Now I fuck you," he grinned. He got on top of me and slid his cock in and out of me gently, then rammed it in as deep and hard as he

SPURT OVER MY BREASTS

0898 866 711

MY ICECUBE COOLS ME DOWN 0898 866 700

0898 866 701 Hear me do it to myself

GIRLS *UCK YOU 0898 866 703

0898 866 702 2 Girl sucking action

MEGA JUGS 0898 866 715

0898 866 712 Frigging on the phone

I'LL STRIP FOR YOU 0898 866 718

Stockings & suspenders 0898 866 719

PUMP ME HARD 0898 866 714

STICKY BITS 0898 866 722

SALLY & ANNE DO EACH OTHER 0898 866 717

[redacted]

CAUGHT ME MASTURBATING 0898 866 720

3 GIRL SEX 0898 866 721

I'LL SPREAD MY LEGS.....LICK ME!! 0898 866 713
I LOVE IT UP [redacted] 0898 866 705
CAUGHT MASTURBATING 0898 866 707
I'LL W*NK YOU OFF 0898 866 706
I LOVE IT UP MY [redacted] 0898 866 708
MY PANTIES ON YOUR FACE 0898 866 709
THIGH HIGH BOOTS, UNIFORM, & VERY DOMINANT 0898 866 704
SHEER BODY STOCKING 0898 866 716

TEENAGE SEX DESIRES 0898 866 710

D. DIAL PO BOX 649 LONDON EC1V/9UU 36p/MIN CHEAP 48p/MIN OTHER TIMES PRG/C2

I LOVE IT DOGGYSTYLE 0338 405 505

FIONA (18) LICKS RUTH'S (21) PUSSY 0338 405 515

Hear me Masturbate 0338 405 565

ORGASM WITH ME 0338 405 503

Uncensored Spunky Orgasmic Sex Confessions 0338 405 555

HORNY 18YR OLD TALKS FILTHY 0338 405 512

I'LL W**K YOU TO CLIMAX 0338 405 524

I'll use my dildo you w**k 0338 405 582

I'LL STRIP YOU MASTURBATE 0338 405 579

ORAL SEX- SPUNK IN MY MOUTH 0338 405 501

SPUNKY SEX WITH MY SISTER 0338 405 509

Secretary wants to spank your wife 0338 405 578

LESBIAN SEX 0338 405 563

EROTIC TELEPHONE HANDJOB 0338 405 547

AFTER 12 ORAL SPURT CLUB 0338 400 130

AFTER 2 LESBIAN NURSES ORGY 0338 400 160

NURSE WANTS SPANKING 0338 405 504

SPUNK OVER MY FACE 0338 405 532

Spread my legs - then f**k me 0338 405 506

wants SEX 0338 405 508

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM LTD PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1 could. It felt terrific.

I watched him as he gazed down at my body encased in the black basque, and I could see it really turned him on. Maybe too much as suddenly he tensed and rammed his cock home and kept perfectly still so that he could feel my pussy milking him. I then felt his cock explode inside me. He withdrew and I watched as the thick globules of spunk shot all over the basque.

"Remember the time you said you'd love to go with two guys?" Carl asked. I nodded.

"Well..." he grinned. "I came back with a guy from the Paris office and he's here for a sales conference. I showed him some pictures of you and he really fancied you. He even helped me pick out the basque. He's dying to meet you and in fact he'll be here any minute!"

"I'd better get ready then," I said, and went to the bathroom. While I was in there I heard the doorbell, and the thought that I was going to get the fucking of my life made my heart beat even faster.

You can imagine my surprise when I came back into the room, only to find two naked guys, their cocks rock hard.

"Come and say hello to Gerard," said Carl.

I walked over to him and offered my hand. He took it and kissed it. This was no time for formalities and I dropped to my knees and kissed his dick on the underside of its erect shaft. Then I slipped the whole length into my mouth.

I felt Carl place his hands on my hips and raise me to my feet. The next thing I felt was a pair of hands part my legs as his hot dick slid into my cunt from behind. It was the first time I'd taken two cocks at once and I loved it!

I sucked Gerard's cock while Carl fucked me. Then I got on my back on the sofa and raised my legs for Gerard to fuck me while I took Carl's dick in my mouth.

The three of us were soon powering away like we hadn't had sex for a year, groaning and talking dirty as the fucking got harder and harder. I nearly fainted with the thought of all this cock in me and knew I couldn't stand it much longer.

Neither could Gerard as he groaned and came, shooting his hot, creamy spunk over my basque – it obviously had the same effect on him it had on Carl! I came at the same time, then jerked Carl off until he spunked over my tits.

The two of them fucked me for the rest of the night, which left us all totally exhausted the next morning. They went off to their conference and I spent the day in the sauna at my health club, recovering.

By springing another guy on me, Carl had made my wish come true. Now, as long as my friend Sue doesn't mind, I'm planning a similar surprise for him! – *Louise, Norfolk*

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

Going Up In The World

Now if there's one thing I really used to hate it was going to work. Sweating away over a solitary desk for hours on end, late into the night, hard at it. It was a common occurrence, and still is – but at least now I don't do it on my own!

I had just joined a large fashion company in London and was doing my best to settle in – but nobody was taking any notice of me! I'd tried to catch the eye of some of the sexier girls there, but no-one wanted to know, not even Jane, my beautiful blonde boss who I'd fantasised about fucking since I started.

My only relief was sneaking off to the ladies' room to lock myself in a cubicle, where I'd kick off my heels, slip a hand into my panties and frig myself off. It was a real turn-on thinking of some of the gorgeous girls I worked with and more importantly, what I'd like them to do to me!

Then one night when I got home I caught sight of myself in the hallway mirror. What a mess! My hair needed a cut, my skirt could do with coming up a few inches and my boobs were hidden by my baggy shirt. I decided then it was time for a whole new image.

So the next day I went out and bought the shortest, tightest, sexiest dresses I could find. I had a facial, my hair trimmed and styled and went home, loaded down with shopping – but feeling like a new woman!

That Monday at work it was like I was walking around the office starkers. Everyone stared hungrily at me in my slinky red mini-dress. People who had virtually ignored me before now wanted to make me coffee or take me out to lunch, but the best thing was that Jane asked me into her office as soon as she saw me!

"Come in, Sammy," she said, not even looking up from her paperwork. She put her pen down and offered me a seat. "You look a little different, don't you? Quite a transformation..." I could feel her eyes burning into me, running over my long, stockinged legs and up to my pussy as I deliberately crossed and uncrossed my legs.

"Well, it's nice of you to notice," I said. She was my boss, and I was really attracted to her, but she wasn't going to get me that easily!

"Yes, well, Sammy, the thing is I need a new personal assistant; someone to help me out with things, to give me a hand and I think you could be just what I'm looking for. Interested?"

"Yes, I am," I said trying to control my voice as she stood up and came around her desk to me. My pussy was so wet I could feel the juices trickle through my panties and onto the seat. "You want me to work under you, right?" She smiled and nodded, glad that we both understood each other.

"I want to turn around and find you there ready to take things down, Sammy, starting tonight. We've got to work late so come in here at six and I'll give you a complete rundown." That's not all you'll be giving me if I've got anything to do with it I thought as I rushed to the ladies' room and gave myself the best finger-fuck that I'd had in ages.

The afternoon dragged, but as soon as everyone left work at the end of the day I sauntered into Jane's office.

"Where do you want me to start?" I asked innocently, sitting on the edge of her desk. Jane was standing at the window with her back to me, and slowly she turned around. Her blouse was undone and her naked tits were on full display.

"I think this will do, don't you?" she smiled, walking over to me and pushing my head into her cleavage. Before I could even think of what was happening I found myself cupping a boob in each hand and running my wet tongue all over her hard little nipples as she parted my legs and pressed herself closer to me.

I pushed her tits together so I could flick my tongue over both at the same time, slurping up her cleavage to her neck and face as we fell into our first proper kiss. Then she pulled away and lay back down on the desk, hitching up her skirt and opening her legs wide.

"Fuck me, Sammy, do what you like to me," she said. I knelt down on the floor with my head inches away from her white panties, already damp with her juices, and unclasped her suspenders.

I could feel my pussy was getting as wet as hers as I rolled her stockings down to her feet, pulled the dripping crotch of her panties to one side and edged nearer to her swollen, shiny pussy lips. I breathed in her heady aroma and ran my tongue along her wet slit.

My licking was driving her wild, and it was doing much the same for me. I slipped two fingers up my cunt and fingered myself as I licked Jane faster and faster. She locked her legs around me, pulling me even closer, her whole body trembling every time my tongue shot into her pussy.

I was close to coming by now, my hand soaking as I pumped my fingers in and out, and as soon as Jane arched her back up off the desk and screamed out she was coming I climaxed too.

"Oh God! Yes! I'm coming!" she gasped. Her sticky juice oozed out onto my tongue and I eagerly lapped up every drop.

"Let's go back to my place, Sammy. We can freshen up there..." suggested Jane. Intrigued, I grabbed my coat and followed my boss out into the pouring rain.

There were no taxis free, so we decided to run for it, and in ten minutes we arrived, soaking, back at Jane's flat.

"Let's get you out of those wet things," she giggled, pulling off her coat and helping me out of mine.

"You fix us both a drink, I'll be back in a minute," she said, and went into her bedroom to change. But she didn't shut the door, and as I poured out the brandy I couldn't help but stare as she peeled off her tight, formal skirt to reveal her long, shapely legs.

She unbuttoned her shirt, letting it fall to the floor, her smooth, rounded breasts barely held in by a lacy white bra. That came off too, till she was standing completely naked. Jane let her hair down over her shoulders, then slipped a bathrobe on and joined me in the living room.

We sat down and I let her

dry my hair, her fingers straying down to my neck and shoulders. I closed my eyes as she unzipped my dress and then slowly eased it off me. As my naked boobs sprang free, she cradled them in her hands.

"I think I owe you this," she whispered, and traced a line with her fingertips down to my panties. I let out a little gasp as she hooked her thumbs under the elastic and pulled them down.

Then, turning my head to face her, we kissed, our damp hair mingling as our hot tongues worked over each other's mouth. Taking my hands, Jane pulled me down onto the floor and lay on top of me, her stiff nipples pressing hard against mine.

She kissed them both, sliding down to my glistening curls and parting my legs to lick all the way up my pussy. To finally see this beautiful girl's face buried deep in me, slurping away at my juices, was almost too much to bear. Before long I couldn't hold back, and pulling her head into me even further I screamed out my orgasm and came long and hard. She lapped at me all the time, moaning softly to herself, as she sucked me dry.

Well, that night we decided to keep on seeing each other, but keep it secret from everyone at work, which would've been fine if it wasn't for what happened the very next night!

We had planned to do pretty much what we'd done before, and as everyone left to go home I knocked on Jane's door and went in. She looked up from her work with a wicked grin.

"And what can I do for you, Sammy?" she asked. I led her by the hand to the centre of the room.

"Something like this!" and with one swift movement I turned her around and fell to my knees so that her smooth bottom was staring me right in the face. Jane leaned against the filing cabinet and spread her legs wide so that her tight black mini-skirt rode up her thighs, revealing her lace panties. I ripped them off and ran my tongue right underneath to her pussy. She pushed her bum towards my face as I nibbled and licked her juicy pussy lips, and I was just about slip a finger inside her when the door burst open and Mike, our accountant, dashed in.

"Those are the figures, Jane, I'll see you..." he began before freezing in his tracks at the sight of both of us.

"I'll... er, see you tomorrow then..." he stuttered. I went bright red, but Jane just wandered over to him.

"No, Michael. I think I'll see you now, if you don't mind..." she said, pushing the door shut behind him. She tugged at his belt and pulled out his cock. "And I'll see you naked too. Get your clothes off right now!"

I had to admire her nerve! Michael obediently did as he was told and within seconds he was completely naked and on Jane's instructions, lying down on the floor.

"Right Michael, we're going to give you the fuck of your life – something you'll never forget, believe me. I'm going to sit on your face and Sammy here is going to sit on your cock, and you're going to make both of us come. Understand?" Michael nodded meekly.

We slowly stepped out of our dresses and underwear until we were completely naked, except for our stockings and shiny high heels. Then we both stood, legs apart, over Michael and sank down onto him.

We were crouching, facing each other; Jane with her wet curls over his open mouth and me with my pussy over his cock. Then she nodded,

and on this silent command we eased ourselves down.

Jane groaned out loud as soon as he began tonguing her, and she cupped one tit in one hand and let her other hand stray down to her clit. I was soaking wet already, and the moment I guided his eight inches up into me I almost came on the spot.

He slid in so smoothly that I just had to grind around for a moment, our soft pubes nestling together, making sure he'd filled every bit of me before I really got to work, leaning forward and sucking on Jane's tits as I bounced up and down.

Soon we'd all found our natural rhythm, with Michael craning his neck to suck every drop of sweet juice from Jane and me clenching his pole with my pussy. Jane and I were getting out of control by now and were kissing each other for all we were worth.

She stuck her probing tongue into my mouth and I pulled away for a moment to suck on it, and suddenly I wanted a hard cock in my mouth more than I had ever done in my life. So pulling myself off him, I slid down to his shiny, bulging cock and swallowed his whole length down my throat.

I don't know if it was Michael's technique or the sight of me powering my glossy, red lips and glistening tongue up and down his shaft, but Jane suddenly screamed out that she was coming.

"Suck my cunt! Oooh, that's it. Oh, yes, harder!" she pleaded as she came on his tongue. I could hear Michael groaning as he lapped up her juices and bucking his hips for the last time he came in my mouth.

I could feel his sticky, warm spunk shooting over my tongue as I gulped it all down, and before he'd finished I lifted myself up and sat back down on his cock till I came too, my juice running out down over his balls and onto the carpet.

We got our breath back and staggered to our feet before getting dressed. We couldn't think of a reason for calling it a day right there and then, so we went for a quick drink before the three of us all went back to Michael's place for even more fun!

So now work is never the drag it used to be, and although I've since been promoted to Jane's personal assistant she works me harder than ever – and I really don't mind one bit! – *Sammy, London*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

Standing To Attention

Like most of the readers who write in to *Talkin' Blue*, I'm a sex addict. I suppose it goes without saying that you'd have to be to read a mag like Club, where there are so many sexy pictures and dirty stories and letters to choose from. But I am different from most of the women who send their confessions in, because I'm not interested in sex with other women.

I've never experimented with lesbian sex at all. Although I love devouring the horny stories other readers tell about it and I get turned on, I can honestly say that I've never thought about doing it myself.

No, what really turns me on is cock, and the more of it the better. I can't sleep at night unless I've been impaled on a good, thick length at least once during that day – and I love variety, too. The more cocks I can have in a week, the better I feel – and the more randy I get.

So, being a highly sexed girl who lives in a small place, I often have to make forays into the nearest big town (in my case, Guildford) to find the sex that I crave. I thought I'd tell you about just one of those nights, which I experienced about four months back. Close to Guildford there are a few army bases, and I've often found that the squaddies, being deprived of a good woman (or two!) during most of the week, really go wild at weekends. I've had a lot of squaddie lovers, and believe me, they're dead fit and really know how to give a girl a host of great orgasms.

So when I went out on this particular night, that's what I was looking for: a soldier to get me climaxing the whole night long. I had no idea then that I'd end up taking on three guys at once!

I'm not worried about going to clubs on my own, and I'm well known (not to say notorious!) at the one I visited that night. I had no trouble getting in, and I sashayed across the dance floor, my hips swaying atop my stiletto heels and with my bright red dress clinging to my every curve. It was so low-cut at the front that my boobs were practically spilling out as I leaned at the bar. It was more than obvious that I wasn't wearing a stitch of underwear, and I knew that every bloke in the place must have been gawping at me. I loved the fact that most of them must have had hard-ons in their pants just from looking at me.

It didn't take more than five minutes before one squaddie, Dave, had approached me and asked me to join him and his two friends at their table for a few drinks. Phil and Jimmy's eyes were popping out as they watched me, and I was soon sitting on Dave's knee and flirting with all three at once. My hands were straying to stroke their lovely short haircuts (they make guys look so macho and sexy), caressing their erogenous zones at the back of their necks and squeezing their powerful thighs through their jeans. They were all panting for me – and I was revelling in the fact that I could have anyone I wanted.

In the end, of course, I couldn't choose – I was so flushed with the excitement and the power trip of the whole evening that I wanted them all at once! My pussy was juiced-up, slick with my love cream, and when they invited me to sneak back to their barracks with them, I was all for it.

I'd been to that particular barracks before, so it was nothing new for me. As soon as I got back to their dormitory, I was itching to do a strip-tease for them, because I was feeling as horny as hell.

"Get undressed," I told the three of them. "I want to see your cocks standing to attention and on parade!"

They all flung their kit off straight away, and I almost came as I got my first glimpse of their naked, smooth bodies – all really firm and well-muscled, their pricks standing up strong and proud, full of pumping hardness. "Get in line," I giggled, "just as if you're out on the parade ground." They

stood saluting me with their hands and their cocks and I walked down the line, stroking their bodies, my fingers slowly rubbing down their chests, flicking their nipples until all three were gasping with arousal. But I wasn't quite ready for them. They'd have to wait for me.

"Now stand there presenting your, er, arms," I grinned, starting a slow strip until all my clothes (what little there was of them!) were in a heap on the floor. I then started to touch myself, really hamming it up tartily like I've seen the girls do in dirty films. I held my boobs in my hands, pressing down so that the nipples, all pink and swollen to stiffness, poked through my fingers. I even pinched them hard, which really turned me on, and pulled them up so that my long tongue could just about lick first one tit and then the other. I thought Phil was going to explode and his cock visibly hardened at the sight of my brazen display.

I brought my fingers down lower so that they parted my bush, feeling their way through the sticky pubes coated in love juice. Pretty soon I was delving between my own slit and putting on a little frigging show for the guys, my long fingers pumping up and down until I was shuddering with those delicious pre-orgasmic feelings.

"Wanna watch me come?" I asked. They all nodded, still standing there, all stiffened up with nowhere to go. At least not yet...

I parted my thighs a little more, slipped my hand further up inside myself and wanked my little clitty until I almost burst, my index finger sliding right up to find my G-spot as well. I'd never made myself come that strongly before and I must admit that it was doubly horny doing it with three guys watching. When I removed my hand from my cunny, it was covered with my love juices. I put my fingers up to my mouth and sucked the moist goo off both slowly and sensuously. Phil, Dave and Jimmy could scarcely contain themselves. I thought their cocks were going to explode come all over the ceiling!

Then I lay back sensuously on one of the bunk beds, totally in control of the situation, unselfconscious about being naked in front of these three horny guys, and invited them to decide which of them was going to have me first. What a tart, eh? And I was relishing every second!

It only took an instant before Dave stepped forward. After all, he'd been the one to chat me up in the first place. All I could think of as he joined me on the bed was the swollen size of his helmet: it was enormous. I spread my thighs wide and gave him a good view of my equally swollen cunny, my love lips hanging open just waiting for a cock. When he eagerly slid inside me, thrusting all the way to the hilt, I breathed a deep sigh of total pleasure – and that's when I started to go wild.

Hoisting my legs onto Dave's shoulders, I clamped my pussy muscles around his cock like a vice, and started fucking him as if there was no tomorrow, thrusting my pelvis up at him again and again, grinding my pubes against his groin as he filled me with his cock meat. What a moment! I could feel myself building up towards a big orgasm: little waves of come contractions were rippling through my loins the whole time, getting bigger and deeper and stronger as the friction of our fucking grazed my aching clit against Dave's balls.

But I wanted more. I told him to roll over, still with his cock inside me, so that I was on all fours above him, my favourite position. That meant that I could control the movements of his pelvis, but at the same time I was reared

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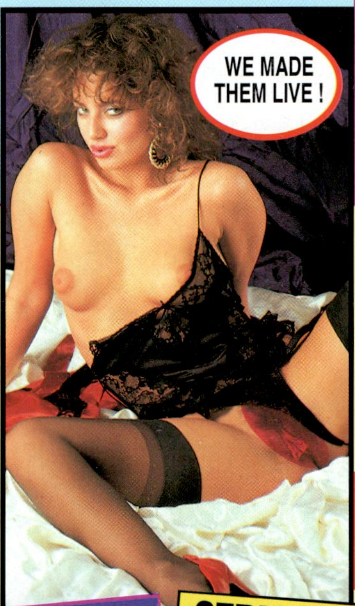
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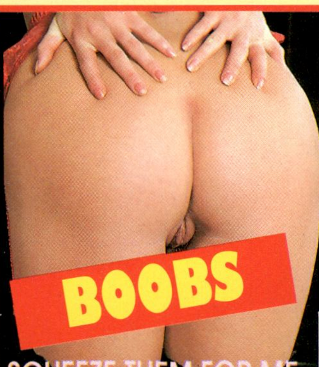

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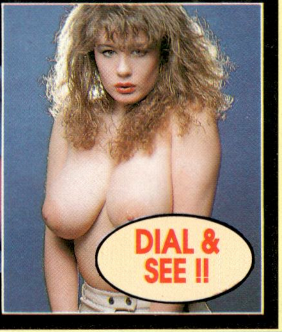

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right up, so that just the very end of his tool was inside me. It was so thick that it was more than enough though, and I was soon panting to a climax as Phil and Jimmy watched avidly between my legs, occasionally gently stroking my bum cheeks. At that angle, they had a bird's eye view of every upward thrust, every little drop of love cream that was dripping out of my pussy.

Just as I was starting to build towards yet another orgasm, with Dave straining and looking as if he couldn't hold himself back much longer, I felt someone (I discovered afterwards that it was Phil) climb onto the bed behind me and grab hold of my hips. Then – God, it was amazing – he started rubbing his extremely stiff cock up and down my soaking wet love slit, with his mate still inside me, fucking me!

That was something that I'd never dreamed of doing before, but once we settled into the rhythm of it, I couldn't believe what I'd been missing. Phil's cock was touching me up from behind, keeping up the friction on my boiling hot cunny lips, his fingers reaching around in front so that, as Dave carried on screwing me over and over again, Phil was working at my clitty. That just set me off on a chain reaction of multiple orgasms, and they really shook right through my body, leaving me panting and limp so that I was glad Phil's hands were supporting me.

"I'm going to shoot my load," Dave warned, and I contracted my aching cunt just one more time so that I was ready for the hot jets of come that hammered into me. Delicious. Dave really milked every last drop out of himself too, holding his cock by the base so that it stayed inside me right until the last moment.

Dave was so shagged-out after such a thorough fucking that he couldn't move after pulling his now soft and sticky cock out of me. He just lay there, a blissful expression on his face, his eyes closed, as I carried on crouching above him, Phil still working his own shaft up and down my cunt lips.

"Aren't you going to get that cock into me, then?" I asked Phil. He didn't need any persuading, pressing right up close and sliding into me from behind, his cock not as thick as Dave's but again, going inside me right to the hilt. Phil's fucking motions were a lot faster and more shallow than Dave's, but there's nothing wrong with that. Although I didn't come again as Phil emptied his balls inside me, I did get really turned on doing it doggy-style with Dave still underneath us. He watched every expression on my face as his friend impaled me on his tool and came inside me. I'd love to know what I looked like at the precise second that Phil's hot spunk shot deep inside me.

Phil withdrew as soon as he'd come, and that left only Jimmy to be satisfied. I could hardly leave him out, could I? But my cunt was overloaded with love juice and spunk, so that there was no way I'd be able to keep control of his cock if he fucked my pussy.

I rolled over on the bed next to Dave, and beckoned Jimmy over. "What about a tit-wank?" I offered him.

He didn't need to be asked twice, and his short but very fat cock was between my boobs seconds later, Jimmy straddling my chest as I folded my generous titties and gave him a really good wank. I've always enjoyed tit-wanks and I've never met a guy who doesn't shoot his load in minutes after one of those. It was obvious that Jimmy would only last a few minutes After all, he'd been watching our free sex show for an hour! I defy any man not to shoot his load after having my soft, creamy, hot titty flesh wrapped around their cock.

Sure enough, Jimmy's come spurted out of his cock very quickly, coating my neck and boobs, and as he withdrew to wipe himself off, I started rubbing the come into my skin, licking it from my fingers and nipples. I felt so naughty and dirty doing it that another orgasm took me by surprise, coursing through my body heatedly. The guys could hardly believe their luck as they savoured the sight of me eating up all of Jimmy's come.

I certainly gave those guys a night to remember, and as I believe they were posted abroad shortly after that, I hope the memory of that night keeps them going 'til they get back. That goes for all the squaddies who read Club, too. I hope reading about me will keep at least a few of them warm during those nights in the barracks!
– Trish, Farnham ♣

Photographs by Jack Harrison

janna

The last time delightful Janna graced our famous pages, she was a little shy and nervous. First time and all that. We understood. But look how the young woman has blossomed!

"I had so much fun last time that I couldn't wait to pose again. Have you noticed the black lace? It makes me feel so sexy. It really brings out the woman in me." Well actually, it brings out the man

in us, which is highly understandable too. "A few guys have recognised me from last time and they've been so sweet. They've all been paying me the highest compliments. It's nice to feel wanted." You are indeed wanted Janna. Absolutely. ♣

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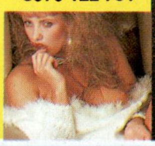

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CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

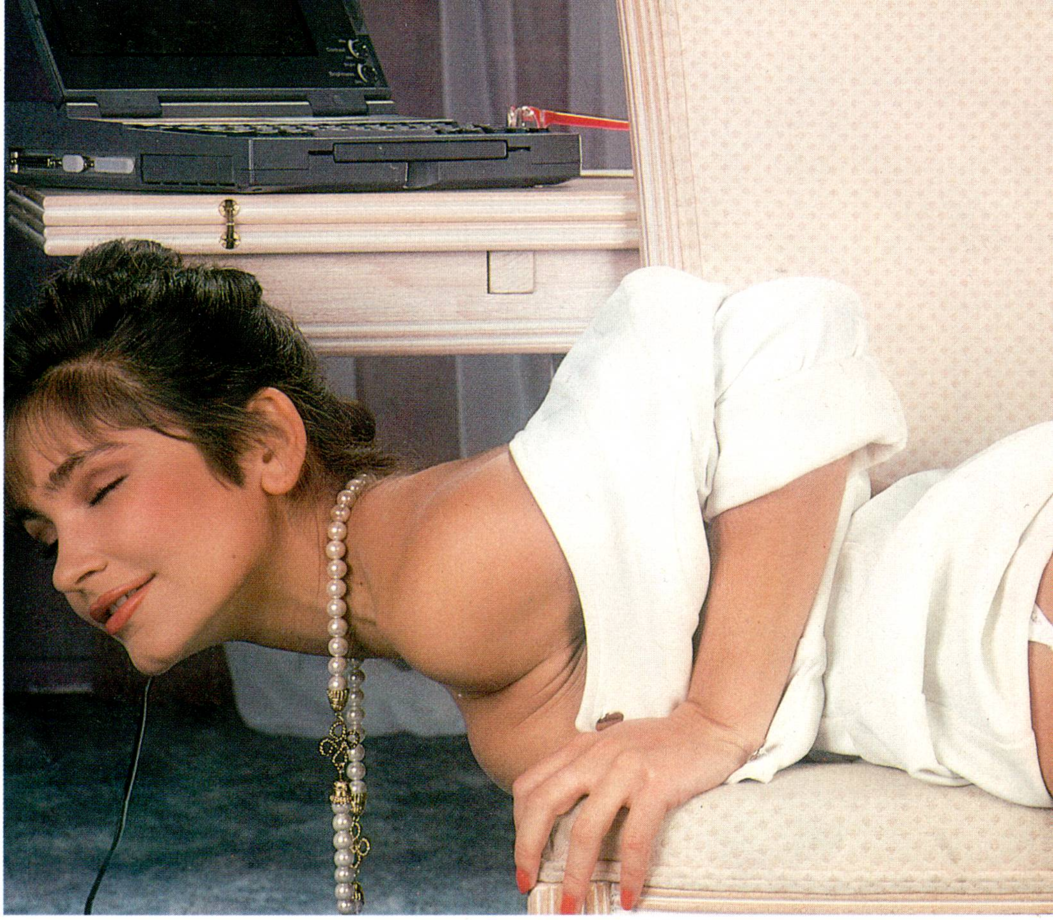
AFTER 2AM MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

anita

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Now this is what we like. Long legs, bare top and no drawers – and that's just the desk! But seriously, if there was someone as beautiful as 20-year-old Anita here in everyone's office, no-one would ever want to go home!

"And everyone would be coming in early too, wouldn't they?" she asked, innocently. That might be for you to work out, Anita... ♣



PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL
(ANYTHING GOES - FILTHY & LUSTFUL SEX LINES

DISGUSTING SEX NOISES

ON THE PHONE

SHOWER BONKING	0898 234 102
SPURTING ACTION	0898 442 503
LASHING TONGUES	0898 234 109
SCREAMING CLIMAX	0898 362 591
SQUELCHY NOISES	0898 442 313
LESBIAN SP**KING	0898 234 105
INSTANT W**P	0898 442 343
NO SEAT ON HER BICYCLE	0898 442 388

totally explicit CONTINENTAL VIDEOS uncensored-uncut ring 0898 442 979 for details

CREAM ON MY FACE

I LOVE TO LICK IT OFF!

0898 234 108

MASTURBATION ••SPECIAL••

TOTALLY UNCENSORED

DIAL 0898 442 360

Carol 36 (Leeds) needs a good shafting from well hung miner ring 0898 866 046

Annette (Somerset) Ex model into the wet stuff, daughter can help too if you like 0898 362 585

Patie (40 still sporty) needs timid man to dominate, ring evenings only 0898 866 048

Pauline likes three in a bed or more if you've got the energy dial 0898 362 588

Stephanie, I will suck you to orgasm and spit you out if you can take it 0898 234 107

Marie (Sticky knickers) I just love to frig myself but would like to feel a real man, please ring me on 0898 866 042

Val (Devon) Creamy cracker needs spreading, indoors or outdoors ring 0898 442 504

Jane (Self confessed tart) will dress up & peel off for anyone who wants it, I'm not fussy ring me now on 0898 442 980

Debbie (22) into heavy sucking, needs men of all ages, I will blow your mind & your c**k (Newcastle area) 0898 234 114

Carol would love to feel keen young tongues on her bush, ring me now on 0898 442 417

Janice and her trusty multi-speed will show you how to tease & please 0898 442 340

Gaynor (26) I have just shaved, would you like to feel my naked flesh? 0898 234 104

Mandy has got very sticky fingers, would you like to lick them for me? 0898 362 586

Francis Pretty but large 20yr old seeks randy guys for roly-poly sex games 0898 442 390

Barbara I will drop my panties for anyone, just call on me and I'll prove it! 0898 234 110

Hannah really enjoys a three way poke, come on round & bring some friends 0898 442 416

Margaret I'll bend right over so you can go deeper, ring me now on 0898 442 370

Gillian Adventurous 32 year old needs to live out kinky fantasies, Girls or guys - who like filth, into mud & food. 0898 866 043

Tracy (Gloucester) Adventurous 32 year old will whip you to a frenzy if you can take it - ring now, you will not be disappointed! 0898 234 103

April (Lesbian jelly wrestler) will take a firm grip with my slippy fingers 0898 362 583

Emma, my neighbours a lesbian & she's coming round to give me some lip tonight, hear our passion on 0898 866 040

MONICA'S WELL USED PANTIES

IF YOU FANCY THEM CALL ME ON

0898 866 047

I'LL LICK & SUCK YOU TO A CLIMAX YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

Ring Jill on

0898 442 342

[redacted]

WILL SUCK YOU OFF WHILE I WATCH!

0898 442 421

WKING IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR**

0898 362 582

PEEL OFF MY STICKY KNICKERS

AND FINISH ME OFF!

0898 442 506

LISTEN IN TO DIRTY TALKERS 0898 442 502

KINKY GIRL

Who likes guys with sex toys, must be experienced. No time wasters or straight sex freaks please. dial Gale on this number

0898 442 418

XXX SMUT CLUB

Lipstick on my panties

0898 442 501

Ram it up me hard

0898 442 994

In my bra & up my knickers

0898 234 101

Unload in me

0898 866 044

LISTEN TO FILTHY GAY/LESBIAN ☆☆ TALK ☆☆

Gay talking balls to Gay	0898 866 045
Lesbians talk bitchy to each other	0898 442 511
Gays into piercing, chains & leather	0898 442 543
Rough guy gets tough with wimps	0898 234 115
In the station toilets at Kings cross	0898 442 977

-Gina-

VERY STERN GIRL LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO CAN TAKE AS MUCH AS I CAN GIVE!

0898 234 106

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

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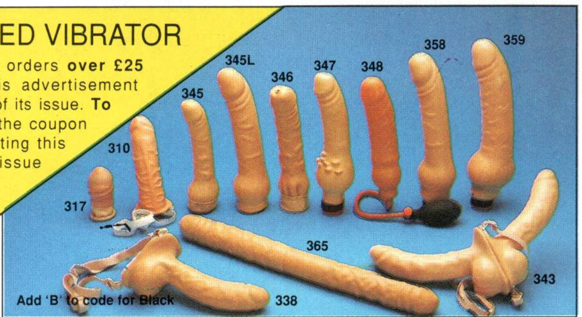
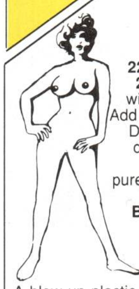
Lots of other exciting FREE GIFT offers when buying from our catalogue.



SEX DOLLS Quality blow up plastic dolls with hair – always willing – always available. Sensuously inviting mouth plus vaginal and rear orifices
221 Standard **£25.50**
222 De luxe version with vibro unit **£27.50**
Add code **'B'** for Black. Details of female sex dolls made of strong latex-vinyl and also pure latex are available with our catalogue. **Bonus 'LOVE-PAC'** of lubricant and sheath included with all dolls.



MALE DOLL 225
A blow-up plastic doll with erect $7\frac{1}{2}$" penis, plus mouth and rear openings Add code **'B'** for black **£28.00**

PADDED SHEATH 303
It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra $1\frac{1}{2}$" to the penis. Complete with body belt. **£8.75**

SUPPORT SHEATH 310
As 303 but with a special strengthening splint built into the body of the shaft providing extra support. Ideal for the man with erection difficulties. **£9.75**

EXTENSION SHEATH
A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip that adds $1\frac{1}{2}$" effective length to the male organ.
317 F Flesh or **317 B** Black **£4.00**

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For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

345	Standard model	**£8.75**
345L	Large standard model	**£10.50**
346	De luxe model with ejaculating action	**£14.00**
347	Vibrating model with built-in clitoral stimulator	**£14.50**
348	Pump-up model allowing variable size adjustment	**£14.00**

358 BULLY BOY
A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the 'Pleaser 184' but with a larger length and girth **£13.25**

359 GIANT BULLY BOY
The largest dildo for females who demand something even bigger to satisfy. Built in vibrator. **£14.75**

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Designed for use between two females, it closely resembles the complete male genitals in form, texture and elasticity. It is supplied with an adjustable harness. The almost natural intercourse allowed by the appliance is of great value both physically and psychologically.

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340	Vibrating model	**£21.00**

DOUBLE DILDO
As 338, but complete with double prosthetic and scrotum to provide maximum fulfilment for two females.

343	Standard model	**£25.00**
344	Vibrating model	**£27.50**

DOUBLE DONG
Highly flexible for every need.

365	Standard model	**£16.00**
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THRUSTING DEEP STROKER 149
Vibrates and moves up and down. The THRUSTER is truly a dual-action delight for every woman. Switch on the battery-powered control unit and its softly cushioned rubber head vibrates purringly. Now push the switch to the second position and the THRUSTER also begins a straight up-and-down movement, extending and contracting with a smooth power. An exquisitely sensual Experience. **£9.95**

NON-DOCTOR 191
De luxe version
with 4 heads and 3 sleeves
Universally the most popular vibrator with MULTISPEED control enabling both the speed and intensity of the vibrations to be adjusted to suit the mood. The complete kit, including batteries is only **£9.25**

Sexually informative and explicit

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One hour VHS video
Both videos only £28.50

503/1	**The Lovers Guide 1**	**£14.95**
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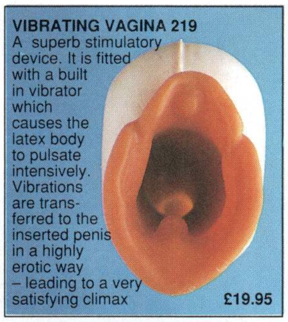
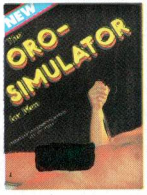


VIBRATING VAGINA 219
A superb stimulatory device. It is fitted with a built in vibrator which causes the latex body to pulsate intensively. Vibrations are transferred to the inserted penis in a highly erotic way – leading to a very satisfying climax **£19.95**

HEART THROB 782
A unique strap-on mini clitoral excitor only $1\frac{1}{2}$" across but with powerful vibrations at full throttle or gentle teasing at low speed. Separate battery box with multi-speed control. **£6.50**

ORO-SIMULATOR 254



Strokes up and down the penis stimulating oral delights under *your* control. You can use it in any position. This incredible new male device comes complete with instructions. **£9.95**

PHEROMONE X FOR MEN 432
Attracts Women! Lasts Weeks!
Attracts women without them being aware of it. The undetectable female attractant PHEROMONE X – the scent that sexually attracts women without them even being aware of it. Less than 10% of men have a high natural pheromone level. For the rest the mating game has always been hard work until now.
Giant 100g can only £11.00 (or 2 for £20.00, saving £2)

'G' SPOT VIBRATOR 189

Grafenberg Spot

A flexible and specially curved vibrator enabling the 'Grafenberg Spot' to be stimulated. Discover and give this inner trigger spot its thrill of a lifetime. **£11.00**

104
108
117
106

TORMENTORS

De luxe Mini Mystique 104
6 inches long with 'gold' head. Multi-speed switch. **£6.00**

Firefly 108
The head lights up and gently warms. Multi-speed switch **£9.50**

King Slim Stim 117
9 inch multi-speed, with very powerful vibrations. **£5.75**

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Almost 10" long. Double rippled, flexible and multi-speed. **£9.75**

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960
975
941 LATEX

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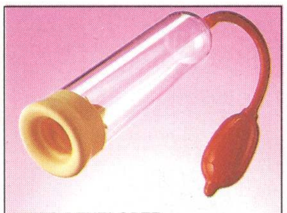
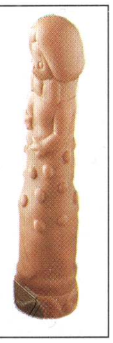
864 Maid's Set 100% Nylon. 34–38" bust. Black skirt, White bib and briefs. **£17.50**
865 Nurses Uniform Body 60% Polyester/40% Nylon: Size 34–38" bust. **£16.50**
866 College Girl Uniform 100% Nylon. Sizes: Small/Medium/Large **£26.00**
LOTS MORE SEXY GARMENTS IN OUR CATALOGUE



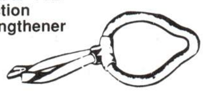
PENIS DEVELOPER
Asserted by leading sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham to be the only tested mechanical appliance that proved successful for enlargement to the male organ. Do not be deterred by our very low price – this developer is the latest model, with variable-size cuff to ensure a perfect fit and comes complete with full instructions and lubricant. **FREE** copy of Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Penis Enlargement included.

Price beater Model 211	**£9.85**
Standard Model 212	**£13.25**
Deluxe Model 210 with large pump	**£14.50**

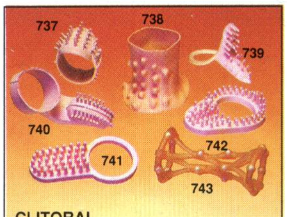
SUPER-HERMIT 175
A new 'real feel' version of the Hermit that gyrates with all the sexuality of a belly dancer. At the same time you can add another dimension of excitement with its multi-speed vibrations which are controlled separately. This double action vibrator with its 'real feel' flesh-like profiled surface adds an exciting new dimension to sexual enjoyment. Separate battery control box. **£12.00**



MENFIT 772
Erection Strengthener



Possibly the best device yet produced for maintaining a firm erection. Pressure and size of ring can be adjusted to suit individual requirement. **£4.00**



CLITORAL STIMULATORS 737-743
Seven special clitoral/vaginal stimulators specially designed to increase female arousal during intercourse by the gentle brushing of the clitoris and vaginal lips, while helping to prolong the male's erection. **£1.95** each
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LEWDO The board game that's guaranteed to release one's inhibitions. Sure to lead to a really swinging party. Strictly for the most liberal-minded. For two or more players.

Standard Lewdo 506 in postal tube **£9.00**
Deluxe Lewdo 505 Boxed with folding board **£15.00**

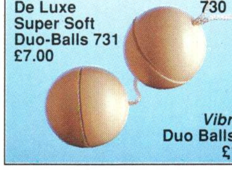
LOVE PLUG 725
A vibrating plug for pure pleasure. Complete with 'T' bar end and separate multi-speed switch control **£7.75**

PENIS STRETCH 233
Amazingly effective, particularly when used with the Penis Developer. No matter what size your penis is PENIS STRETCH can make it measurably longer. **£3.60**

DUO-BALLS 730
Also known as 'Ben-Wa Balls' – an ancient Japanese delight. When inserted into the vagina almost any body movement will produce unique erotic sensations. They also help women maintain sexual arousal for long periods and develop vaginal muscle control. Movement within the balls comes from solid stainless steel balls.

Standard duo-balls 730 £4.95

De Luxe Super Soft Duo-Balls 731 £7.00



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0898 771 105

RUDE LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION

0898 771 113

LETS WANK TOGETHER

0898 771 115

HOUSEWIFE SUCKS W/E 18yr OLD

0898 771 139

SPURT BETWEEN MY BIG TITS

0898 771 147

FINGER ME - I'LL TALK DIRTY

0898 771 151

3 TIGHT LESBIANS - LIVE ACTION

0898 771 157

MY SHAVEN PUSSY IS OPEN

0898 771 170

DOGGY STYLE - PUMP ME PLEASE

0898 771 182

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after 11.00pm - RUDE PHONE SEX
0898 77 11 18
after 12.00pm - EXPLICIT IMPORTS
0898 77 11 58
after 2.00pm - CONFESSIONS
0898 77 11 83

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0898 316 056

WIFE TAKES 2 THICK C*CKS
0898 316 064

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Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate, 48p per minute all other times.

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I want your thick meat - Call me 0898 77 11 07

TONGUE MY WET PUSSY 0898 204 208

USE MY BLACK BOOK FOR THE RUDEST PHONE SEX

SHAVEN LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION 0898 204 209
WIFE PLAYS WITH 2 STIFF COCKS 0898 77 11 08
LIFT MY SKIRT & INSERT 0898 77 11 11
PLEASE CUM ON MY BIG TITS 0898 77 11 16
18yr OLD VIRGIN GETS SHAFTED 0898 77 11 45
SPREAD MY CHEEKS & PUMP ME 0898 77 11 48
RUDE NURSE SPREADS FOR W/E DOCTOR 0898 77 11 17
BIG TOOL IN GIRLS PANTIES-GAY 0898 77 11 46
HARDCORE AFTER 12.00 SHOW 0898 316 019

LIVE PORNO CONFESSIONS 0898 77 11 54
HOUSEWIFE SUCKS YOUNG COCK 0898 77 11 56
AUNTIE TAKES 10" 0898 77 11 59
I'LL MASTURBATE YOUR TOOL 0898 456 647
UP ME FROM BEHIND 0898 456 600
FIONA FINGERS FANNY 0898 316 016
PLUG MY WET PUSSY 0898 316 017
MY VELVET LIPS ON YOUR HELMET 0898 316 020
FILTHY AFTER 9.00 SHOW 0898 316 018

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WENDY 0898 77 11 97

British
RUDEST PHONELINE
TOP 10
READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS
0898 204 215

EXPLICIT ORAL SEX I'LL SWALLOW IT
0898 456 646
HUBBY WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY TWO MEN
0898 77 11 41
SUE SPREADS
0898 204 217

LUCY 0898 77 11 36

SINDY 0898 77 11 38

NANCY 0898 77 11 84

PUMP MY SISTER- I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
0898 77 11 44
OLDER WOMEN (BIG TITS) LOVES YOUNG COCK
0898 77 11 43
SHAG ME FROM BEHIND
0898 77 11 02

EX - NURSE I'LL SUCK YOUR THICK MEAT
0898 77 11 24
LESBIAN OPEN LEG SEX ACTION
0898 77 11 52
PLEASE FINGER MY WET SHAVEN FANNY
0898 77 11 37

MANDY 0898 77 11 40

FANNY 0898 77 11 29

Late Nite Hardcore Sex Clubs
AFTER 9.00 - ORAL & ENTRY
0898 204 218
AFTER 12.00 - EXPLICIT SPURT ACTION
0898 204 219
AFTER 2.00 - TIGHT, SHAVEN PUSSY CLUB
0898 204 220

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L2	Wet Look Posing Pouch Make the most of everything you've got	~~£10.00~~	**£4.75**
L3	Thong & Suspender Set Hot, hot, hot — highest quality	~~£10.00~~	**£4.75**
L4	Lacy Bra, Brief & Suspender Set Sex and romance rolled into one	~~£20.00~~	**£7.50**
L5	Seamed Stockings Sheer horny and classy	~~£2.00~~	**£1.00**
L6	Seamed Fishnet Stockings A classic — knock their socks off	~~£3.00~~	**£1.50**
L7	Body Stocking One-piece hot 'n' horny fun	~~£15.00~~	**£4.75**
L8	Wet Look Bra/Brief/Susp Set Just a touch kinky — very sexy!	~~£20.00~~	**£9.45**
L9	3 Pairs Open Crotch Panties What can I say!	~~£15.00~~	**£5.95**

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A3	Multi-coloured Condoms × 20 Put the colour back in your cheeks!	~~£7.00~~	**£2.95**
A4	Deluxe Massager Seven inches of good vibrations	~~£13.00~~	**£3.75**
A5	Deluxe Six-part Massager A multi-header for every nook and cranny	~~£25.00~~	**£6.50**
A6	Penis Developer Guarantees big-boy development in no time	~~£20.00~~	**£4.95**
A7	Double Vibrating Dildo A high-quality, two-finger vibe for stunning fun	~~£25.00~~	**£6.25**

PILLS & POTIONS

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
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P2	Famous Spanish Fly Drops The ultimate liquid aphrodisiac	~~£13.00~~	**£4.50**
P3	Famous Spanish Fly Cream Pure aphrodisiac power in luxury cream	~~£13.00~~	**£4.25**
P4	Liebeszucker Europe's strongest love-sugar aphrodisiac	~~£9.00~~	**£3.25**
P5	Delay Spray For Men Allows you to keep on going all night	~~£13.00~~	**£3.75**
P6	Intimate Oriental Massage Oil Begin your night of lust with class and luxury	~~£10.00~~	**£3.75**
P7	Male Pheromone Spray Attracts women like bees to a honey pot!	~~£15.00~~	**£5.95**
P8	Lady Bliss Cream Takes every lady to new heights of sexual pleasure	~~£7.00~~	**£2.75**
P9	Famous Spanish Fly Capsules Gives you the lust of a young stallion	~~£13.00~~	**£3.75**
P10	Male Stop Stop Cream Keeps you in control as long as you want	~~£9.00~~	**£2.50**

MAGS, BOOKS & VIDEOS

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
M1	Mega Contact Mag Pack Direct access to direct adult action	~~£25.00~~	**£3.95**
M2	Explicit Hard Adult Mag Pack Hardest Continental action in full colour	~~£30.00~~	**£4.95**
M3	Uncertificated Video Sampler European, uncertificated, explicit porn *VHS only*	~~£49.95~~	**£4.95**
M4	Full-length Explicit Adult Video Full-length, high quality and explicit *VHS only*	~~£39.95~~	**£3.95**
M5	"One For The Ladies" Mag Pack Big, big boys in uncensored poses	~~£20.00~~	**£3.95**
M6	The Manual Of Safe Sex Full colour, fascinating — an adult *MUST!*	~~£15.00~~	**£3.25**
M7	Advanced Sexual Positions An essential guide for every sexually-active adult	~~£15.00~~	**£3.75**

CALLERS WELCOME: Mon-Sat. 9.30am-6pm (Fri. 8pm)
Prices or offers shown are for mail order and callers who present this advertisement prior to purchase

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*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, London E7. 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. *(Off East Parade)* **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP23

PRIVATE LINES
(Dept. CI)627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE
Please send me the items as listed below:

1632

Item Code	Quantity	Total Price
	Grand Total	£

I enclose cash/cheque/P.O. for £________ made payable to M.O. DIVISION, (if paying by cheque please add name and address to reverse).

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

____________________ Postcode ____________________

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18. ____________________ Signed

Photographs by Geoff Howes

teresa

"I like to live a little bit on the wild side," purrs sultry Theresa. "That's why I wasn't bashful doing these pics. It's always been an ambition of mine to appear in Club, so I thought I'd wear my favourite leather jacket, just so I'd feel right at home." Riding has always been a passion of the 20 year old stunner from Richmond,

and we at Club are all in favour of a hot, throbbing machine between a girl's legs... "Ooh, you're too saucy by half," giggles the luscious lady. We're scratching our heads. Just what exactly does she mean?! Answers on a postcard please! ♣

Hi I'm Vida Garman

... and I have personally choosen the **HORNIEST & DIRTIEST TOP WANK LINES POSSIBLE** from all of your favourite mags, so don't let me down I just know what you want !!

JUST RING THE NUMBERS I HAVE TORN OUT, ON THE RIGHT FOR INSTANT RELIEF FOR YOUR HARD ON !!

'I TOOK THREE MEN AT ONCE!'
WOMEN TELL THEIR
BIG BOOB ISSUE!
NURSE LUCY COMES QUICKLY!
HOT WET GIRLS STRIP THEM
IT'S A FACT! CLUB'S THE HORNIEST MAG THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN
OUR HOTTEST LESBO SCENE
BEST OF RAZZLE
MENOFF
DEFINITIVE START THE NEW YEAR AS YOU MEAN TO GO ON SEX AND BOOZE ISSUE: LET OUR NUDE AND NAUGHTY GIRLS DO IT FOR YOU
INSIDE: BIG GIRLS BOUNCE BACK IN BRA-BULGING BONANZA

......0898 000 00

SUSAN - The slut who loves cocks. 0898 442 356

DEBBIE - Licks your balls while giving handjob. 0898 442 348

LIZ - Will sit on your cock. 0898 442 487

RACHEL - I'll finger f**k myself, and gobble your organ. 0898 442 649

LOUISE - Wants cock in her mouth and fanny. 0898 442 480

TRACY - I'll

I'll finger my clit till I cum.
0898 442 346

Oral sex, spurt in my mouth.
0898 442 350

Bent over, biting the pillow
0898 442 484

Lick my shaved pink slit.
0898 442 488

3 guys 1 horny bitch, listen to her take it everyway.
0898 442 644

I love to suck and swallow 0898 442 646
69 special lick chicks. 0898 442 481
Hot juicy cum action. 0898 442 489
I'm bent over fill me up. 0898 442 643
Housewives in strap-on orgy..........0898 442 354
Stockings but no panties.

LATE NIGHT

Cum over my face and tits while I f**k my dildo. Phone 0898 442 352

Two girls, one licks balls one gives head. 0898 442 347

I'm on my hands and knees with my bum in the air. 0898 442 351

Wanted two guys with hot spunk to unload all over me. 0898 442 482

High heels and stockings follow me f**k me. Phone: 0898 442 485

Bent over waiting to be shagged......0898 442 486
Finger me now, please. 0898 442 645
Wet, juicy, shaven pussy. 0898 442 355
I'll suck your thick cock. 0898 442 349
2 women, 1 cock double blow job relief. 0898 442 483

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I'LL GIVE IT, WHILE YOU WANK, YOUR CHANCE TO DO IT WITH ME PERSONALLY!

DIAL 0898 442 609

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VIDA SEX LINES, P.O. BOX 1041, BRISTOL BS 99 1LL
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HARD VIDEOS FROM THE SEX CAPITAL OF THE 90's

EUROPORN

BERLIN

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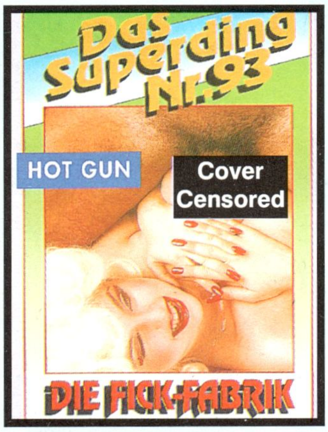
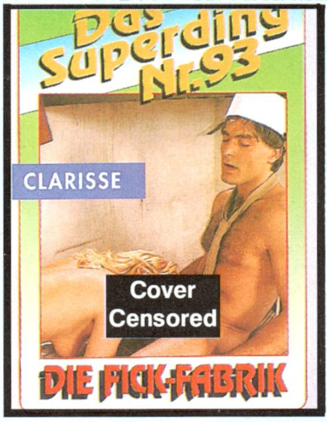
If you are interested in the bizarre, the unusual and the extremely weird, then this could be your lucky day. Produced by the famous 'Fick-Fabrik', well known for its porno films around the world. These 'Superding' videos contain screwing, fxxking between M/F — F/F, Orgy, Oral Sex etc. etc.
We have selected these four videos from their most recent, productions and they are not available from anywhere else in the UK.

D F F V 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE



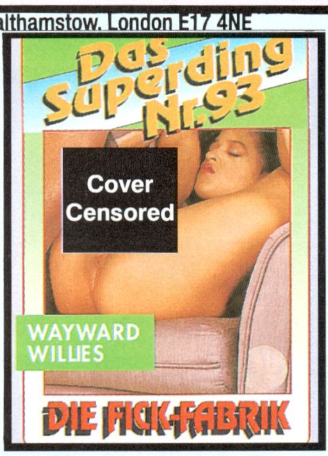
HOT GUN

Based on the activities of an aircrew there's plenty of uniforms and stockings, and our heroine takes 9″ of pumping love muscle in every conceivable orifice, both in the car and in the shower. Excellent o**l, splash and a***.



CLARISSE

A classic of German pornography specially remade for the British market! For those of you who love the lickers this is probably the best and most explicit les***n video ever seen. Plenty of full pen*******n too!



WAYWARD WILLIES

It may not sound like a true hardline production and it certainly doesn't have much of a storyline, but you couldn't cram more dirty, filthy sex into one video if you tried. It's non-stop a**l, o***, 2 on 1, 3 on 1, bon***e, dom*****n, le****n — it's all here in the most graphic detail — Don't miss it.

Das Superding Nr.93
Cover Censored
OFFICE GIRLS
DIE FICK-FABRIK

OFFICE GIRLS

What a place to work! "Time for dictation Miss Jones" takes on a whole new meaning! Loads of d***ie over desks and the photocopier and some of the best close-up shots you'll ever see. Loads of splash — they say it's good for the complexion!! This is a straight forward f*** film of the very highest quality.

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ANY 2 JUST £18.95
ANY 3 ONLY £24.95
ALL 4 JUST £30.00

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☎ No Knickers **0338 422 341**
☎ Red Hot Dutch **0338 422 345**
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Telephone for immediate processing of your order (24 Hrs.)

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Tobyward Ltd., Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg. No. 1634311.

D.F.F.V. Dept. CI 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE
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☐ **HOT GUN** ☐ **CLARISSE** ☐ **WAYWARD WILLIES**
☐ **OFFICE GIRLS**
1 at £9.95 + £1.05 p&p = £11.00
2 at £18.95 + £1.05 p&p = £20.00
3 at £24.95 + p&p = £27.00
4 at £30.00 FREE p&p
I enclose total payment of £________
make cheques payable to M.O. Division & add your address to reverse side.
Name________________
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I am over 18 years of age and agree not to show these videos to minors
Signed________________
1787

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SEX
DATE MESSAGES
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0338 421036 DISCIPLINE GIRLS
FROM **GIRLS ONLY**

LL 83 MINA RD, BS2 9XP. CALLS 36p/min CHEAP 48p/min OTHER
OTHER SERVICES PROMOTED INITIALLY

HOME TEL NO'S VIA REF No.

DISCIPLINE & DOMINATION DATE-LINE

OLDER LADIES	0338 413233
GIRLS UNDER 35	0338 405352
LADIES WITH HIS APPROVAL	0338 405355

ALL GIRLS ONLY!

OK, 83 MINA RD, ST WERBURGHS, BRISTOL
CALLS COST 36P/MIN CHEAP 48P/MIN OTHER TIMES

STOP!
THE 0898 RIP-OFF, NOW
LOOK
A SEX DATE GUARANTEED
OR WE'LL REFUND YOUR CALL COSTS!
LISTEN
TO THESE GENUINE MESSAGES

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FANTASY DATING

BIZARRE LADIES **0338 415807**
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WITH HOME NUMBERS

SEX DATES (LADIES 35 PLUS)	0338 421034
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DISCIPLINE DATES (OLDER WOMEN)	0338 415801
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GIRLS ENJOY SOUND SPANKING	0338 415813
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2 DYKES frig each other silly – listen to the sticky mess on 0338 403 492

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2 GIRLS squirm on each others fingers – hear Collette & Colleen losen up on 0338 403 339

CALL ME now for a personal "jerk off" 0338 403 421

OHH! my a*** is so red and sore, but hot and stingy!! lovely!! 0338 402 817

RAVING shaven nympho gets caught from the back!! Ouch, that hurts. 0338 402 819

LUCY has a nughty story to tell, she's going to tell you all about her kinky sex she carries out, call her on 0338 402 823

LINDA wants to w**k you silly! Let her cream you off on 0338 403 336

2 GIRLS looking for other couples to join in. Call 0898 224 402

PANTIES on sale on 0898 224 404

ORAL ANNIE takes it all down 0898 224 407

KATE (31) is a chef, she's going to show you some of things she can do with kitchen utensils! 0338 402 829

"BE MY BOSS!" I'll come to your office & you can dominate me. 0338 403 489

TELEPHONE TARTS – our girls are just waiting to give you a personal sex chat. 0338 403 350

FKING BIG** knockers – bury your head in these large bazonkas. 0338 403 351

LET ME SUCK ON your dangling sex sacks – get them out & lets do it! 0338 403 414

CINDY'S been a very naughty girl! call her and let her know what her punishment would be. 0338 403 419

FOR the hottest dirty talk call . . . 0898 224 418

WE'RE TWO rampant females, always wet, and we'd like guys to join in with us. 0338 403 417

BACK SEAT BONK, pull them to one side and ram it up the back way. 0338 403 349

PANTIES around my ankles, now bend me over because I love it up my a***! 0338 403 352

PVC PLAYSUIT sweating & sexy. 0898 224 424

MY BOSS likes to strip me slowly – peel my stockings off, knickers to one side and part my legs – hear all on 0338 403 354

CUM in my hot mouth. 0338 403 420

LEATHER LUST bound up in black leather and waiting your instruction. 0338 403 422

PENNY the flat pancake – erect her nipples on 0898 224 426

RED HOT hand rampant Helga, the German fraulin takes it hard! 0338 403 424

BOARDROOM BANG up, office meeting and I got it hard, many times, sloppy seconds on 0338 403 406

MANDY loves to have a hot milky mouth. 0898 224 427

BENT OVER for the boss – he's coming with his ruler! Help! – save me or listen in on 0338 403 400

BONK MY BAPS! 0338 403 403

CUM between my round, firm tits & rub all the sp**k in! 0338 403 484

OH! I'd love a bit of "rough" & tumble – if your a real man take me on. 0338 403 405

WE'LL SNEAK you into our college dormitory and let you watch us in shocking action! 0338 403 407

THE MILKMAN masturbates between Mellisa's hairy lips. 0338 403 482

TARTY TINA wants you for sex in any position – you decide on 0338 403 483

I'M SPREAD open & ready for you to take me anyway you want. 0338 403 404

ANY POSITION you get to name your way! 0338 403 402

"ORAL!" mmm! make me gag on your stiff todger and choke on your sp**k. 0338 403 401

I FEEL MYSELF up under the desk, I'll let you listen to my squelchy noises on 0338 403 408

PUT your rod between my breasty dumplings for a hot tit w**k. 0338 403 486

I'M SITTING here alone & naked! you can take me anyway you like. 0338 403 486

STRICT WOMEN in blue puts you over her knee & gives you her truncheon on 0338 402 822

XXX SORDID SEX action – listen in just dial the number, get it out & jerk off. 0338 402 821

HELGA the Headmistress of an all girls school wants to teach men a lesson, bend over, pick up the phone & call 0338 402 825

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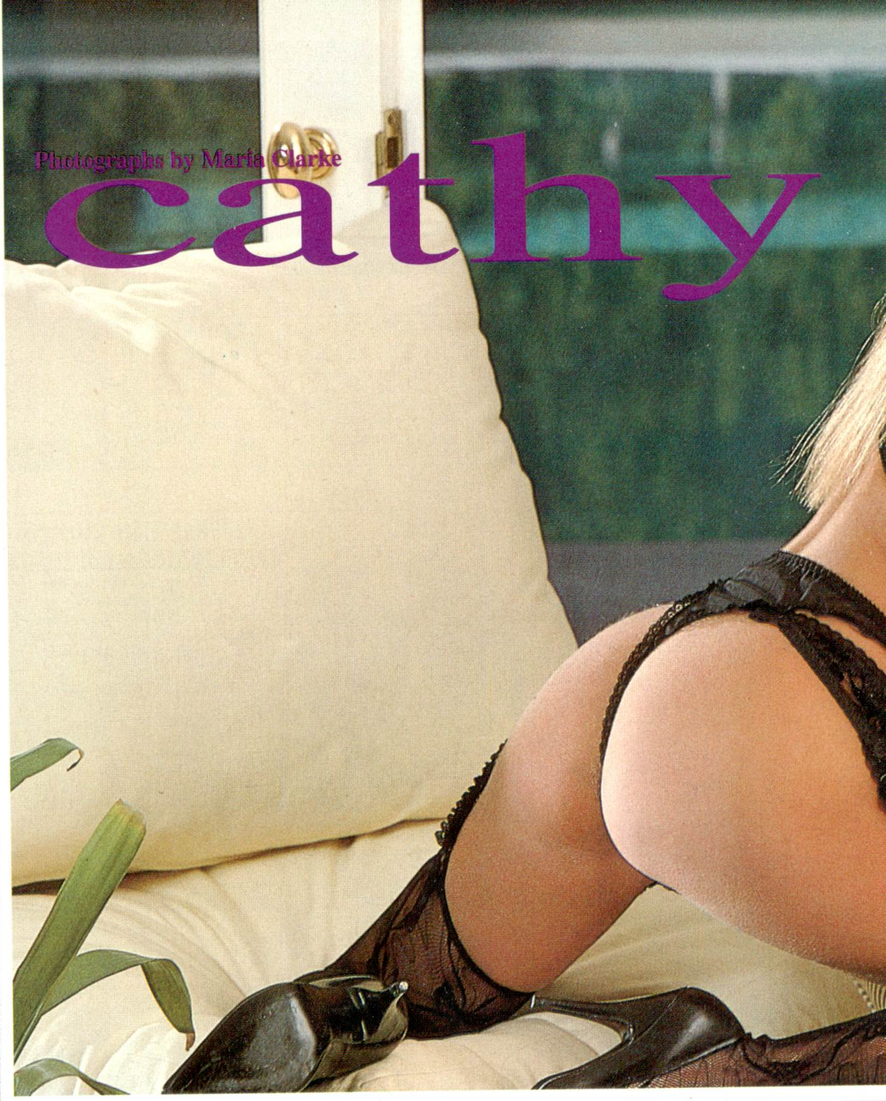
cathy

Photographs by Maria Clarke



Curvaceous Cathy has always been appreciated by City gents, who seem to be falling over their leather briefcases to get the young lass to take a memo.

"I did work for a young high-flyer for about a year," she recounts. "He was the sweetest chap and never got into a tizz

when I kept getting things muddled up. I thought I'd wear the bowler hat as a tribute to him." But didn't he ever – how shall we put it – want his drawers sorting out?

"Ooh, he was very proper in the office, but our free time was our own – and believe me, we made the most of it!" We believe you, we believe you! ♣

COMING IN club

Are you finding it hard at work? Come to that, are you finding it hard anywhere? Well, if you're not you soon will because Janet here has just won The Sexiest Secretary of 1993 Award for outstanding nipples and performing brilliantly under pressure – normally the pressure of a fella or two – and tells us her desk job has to be seen to be believed! But do you fancy joining her on her lunch break to find out just what's in her briefscase? Want to know what she packs for a nibble? Could it really be a Jan sandwich? Well get next month's hot and hungry issue and find out!♣

Volume 22 Number 10 on sale September 9th

IN THE BAG

continued from page 44

I held one tit in my hand and wet my finger in my mouth and ran it over my pert nipple. "Oh, my tits do ache for a good sucking, boys," I said. "But you'll have to wait."

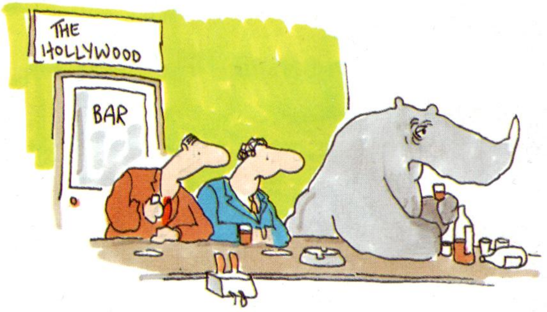
Since it was Steve's night, I chose him for the next bit. Taking his hands and sliding them under the waistband of my knickers, I told him to pull them off. But instead, he slipped both of his hands forward and ran his fingers through my pubes, before pulling them down. "Oooh, cheeky," I laughed. I rewarded him by throwing the panties at him, and he eagerly grabbed them and sniffed the crotch.

I finished my turn by dancing naked in front of them, before dropping onto all fours with my bum to them, spreading my legs wide so that they could all get a good look at my gaping hole. "That's all you're getting from me, lads," I grinned, "I hope you enjoyed the show!" I got up and went into the kitchen, where Jasmin had been watching through the serving hatch.

"Your turn now, Jasmin," I giggled, putting on a dressing gown and then walking through and taking a seat beside the lads.

Jasmine was wearing a short, backless sequinned dress and white stockings. As she walked through the kitchen door, the dress began to ride up so that you could see the lacy tops of her stockings. She wriggled down to a squatting position, so that we could see right up her skirt, but instead of seeing her knickers, all we saw was the glossy black curls of her pubes – she had nothing under the dress at all! The boys went wild, and I joined in the cheers. As she danced she treated us to frequent flashes of her pussy with high kicks and more squats.

THE EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE



After treating us to about ten minutes of this, she too selected Steve for all the attention. Sitting on his lap, she asked him to pull the halter neck of her dress over her head to reveal her dark, creamy boobs. He stroked and pinched her nipples, until they stood out like two conkers. Then she suddenly stood up and gestured for me to join her on the floor. "C'mon, Shelley," she purred, "let's give 'em something to really enjoy. I'll show you fellas my yoga positions!"

She lay on her back on the ground and placed one foot behind her neck, so that her cunt was stretched open for us all to see. "Now, Shelley," she commanded, "lick my cunt!" I could hardly believe my ears... this normally shy and retiring girl had turned out to be a right dirty bitch! I could see right down her wet, pink tunnel and I wasted no time in sticking my tongue deep inside and building up a frantic rhythm. "Oooh, that's right," she moaned, "right there. Harder, you bitch... really fuck me with your tongue!" I held open her cunt lips and began using my tongue like a cock, pushing it in as deep as I could.

I could hear the lads whispering to each other and as I turned around, all four had their dicks out and were wanking. Quite a sight, believe me!

I could see Jasmin's face was contorted in pleasure as she neared orgasm, and I quickly speeded up the pace until she shook violently and screamed the room down as she came. The four lads all started clapping in appreciation, but Jasmine wasn't finished just yet!

Pushing me onto my back on the floor, my fuck-hungry friend sat astride me, then kissed her way down over my stomach until we were in a filthy 69 position. She set to work on my pussy, kissing my bud gently while easing three fingers inside me. Meanwhile I started working on her pussy, licking her cunt lips and teasing her clitty with my tongue. Her quim tasted delicious and soon both of us were wriggling around on the floor as we neared orgasm. My tongue probed deeper, licking her g-spot and Jasmine suddenly gasped loudly and bucked her hips off the floor. "I'm coming," she yelled, and I turned around to look at the lads who speeded up the pace until I saw four fat cocks shooting their loads high in the air. What a glorious sight!

After that little act, all Dave could say was, "God, we wouldn't have had that act from professional strippers. Thanks a lot, girls!" We finished the night by toasting Steve with a drink, before Jasmin and I took him up to the bedroom for a special treat – but that's another story! – *Shelley, Reading* ♣

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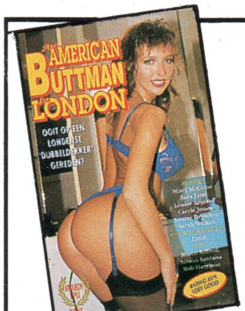

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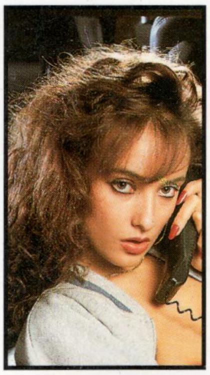

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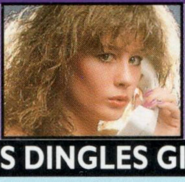

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